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# NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

★ *Founded 1815* ★

270,000 YOUNG AMERICANS
—*Colonel J. R. D. Matheson*

★

PEACE IN BRNO
—*Erskine Caldwell*

★

SUSSEX NIGHTMARE —*Eugene & Arline Löhrke*

★

ON JUDGING AMERICA —*Charles Pergler*

★

A FAKE THAT ROCKED THE WORLD
—*Harry Lee Wilber*

A QUARTERLY ☆ SPRING 1939

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# Contributor's Column

The author of the article which so clearly delineates the various phases of the Civilian Conservation Corps is assistant in the War Department and a member of the CCC Advisory Council. COLONEL JOHN R. D. MATHESON has had an extensive military career and had been stationed here and there throughout the country until three years ago when he took his present position on the General Staff.

HARRY LEE WILBER has been on newspapers in the West since 1896. He has the additional distinction of actually being one of the four originators of one of the most sensational and disastrous newspaper hoaxes of all time, of which he writes in this issue.

EUGENE LÖHRKE'S previous books have been novels (three). The present article is a chapter from his new book, *Night Over England* (Harrison-Hilton Books, Inc.), written in collaboration with his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Löhrke lived in Sussex for three years, time to learn well the reactions and attitudes of the English country folk.

A contributor to *New Yorker*, *Vogue*, *Esquire*, PAUL HYDE BONNER is now hard at work on an historical novel. It has only been in the past few years that he turned to writing. Before that he traveled a good deal and was associated with a large manufacturing firm in the Middle West.

The former Czechoslovakian Ambassador to Japan, secretary to Masaryk, and member of the Czech Parliament is now an American citizen. CHARLES PERGLER is a specialist on Constitutional Law and is Dean of the National University School in Washington.

ERSKINE CALDWELL is too well known to need any comment here. "Peace in Brno" is a chapter from his new book *North of the Danube*, which is Mr. Caldwell's first literary excursion away from the American scene. The book contains sixty-four illustrations by Margaret Bourke-White. (Viking.)

RICHARD WARREN is the *nom de plume* of a journalist who spent many years in the tropics as a foreign correspondent. Since he left the newspaper field, he has been free lancing.



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Secretary Wallace is presented to readers by the same journalist who wrote so revealingly about Ambassador Kennedy, KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER. This article is the second of a series of intimate portraits of big names in Washington.

Always a practicing architect, ROBERT D. KOHN has applied his talents as Director of Housing (1933–1934) and for a while as president of the American Institute of Architects. His activities with the New York World's Fair are as Chairman of the Committee on Theme and a member of the Board of Design.

Much of ZEH BOUCK's writing has dealt with radio, both from the technical and non-technical aspects. He has been radio columnist with the New York *Sun* since 1922, as well as a Fellow in the Radio Club of America and a member of the Institute of Radio Engineers. Recently he has turned to fiction and satire. He is closely connected with the locale of which he writes, having an island and a falls called after his family in the countryside of New York State.

WALKER MATHESON is the writer on foreign affairs who gave us the revealing and provocative article in the last issue, *Our Stakes in the Far East*.

By profession R. W. STEADMAN is a biologist. His avocation is literary criticism, and at the present he is working on a critical survey of American letters since 1900.

R. LYLY, a group of whose poems appears, is a native of Indianapolis, twenty-three years old.

LOUISE BURTON LAIDLAW, author of two provocative volumes of verse, is a familiar name to readers of the best in current poetry.

FLORENCE HAMILTON, new to these pages, is the distinguished President of the Congress of American Poets. KENNETH PORTER has recently published a book of poems, *The High Plains*. He is an instructor in history at Vassar.

KEITH THOMAS has contributed verse to many magazines.

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN is known to all lovers of verse.

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# Books in Brief:

## Biography and Autobiography

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *By Carl Van Doren. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. 845 pages. $3.75.*

Mr. Van Doren worked on this biography more than ten years, reading all the available printed material and digging up fresh data, most of it, however, of minor importance. His volume probably forms the most complete life of Franklin in any language, but it does not preëmpt the field, for it sorely lacks any attitude save one of almost unbounded admiration. Mr. Van Doren says: "He was — and is — unsurpassed by any man in the range of his natural gifts and of the important uses he put them to. . . . In any age, in any place, Franklin would have been great. . . . He seems to have been more than any single man: a harmonious human multitude." Mr. Van Doren's own findings indicate that Franklin was, what John Adams knew from intimate contact with him over a long period, a good deal of a fixer and trimmer, more distinguished for geniality than character, and in many ways the spiritual father of George F. Babbitt. An enormous bibliography and index give the present volume an air of definitiveness which it really hasn't got.

GEORGE SANTAYANA. *By George W. Howgate. Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press. 1938. 363 pages. $3.50.*

The chief virtue of this able and fairly comprehensive critical biography consists in its general point of view, to wit, that Mr. Santayana has to be considered more as a literary man, in the Continental sense, than as a philosopher. In the realm of metaphysics he relies upon a base of "common sense," which amounts to a denial of metaphysics; while in the field of letters, where he seems to be thoroughly at home, he practices a catholicity and employs an insight that will in time perhaps place him in a class with the shrewdest literary critics of the last hundred years. The volume, with its many quotations from Mr. Santayana's writings, should prove useful to the general public, which knows of him almost wholly through his indifferent attempt at imaginative prose, *The Last Puritan*.

*Continued on page* 190



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# 3 FRONT PAGE REVIEWS:

## The New York Times Book Review

"... what she leaves with her readers here is something subtler and more persuasive than argument: the far stronger thing which is simple memory; not hers alone, but theirs as well. The small town which is the American background; the pioneer spirit which has been building America for 300 years — which of us has not such traditions, such pride? At its worst that spirit was ruthless and greedy; at its best it sought a real Promised Land. Pilgrim, Huguenot, Catholic, Quaker, Jew — here are our memories; here is the spirit of a nation; here is our peculiar treasure of democracy and freedom to be guarded by us all." — *Katherine Woods.*

NEW YORK
## Herald Tribune
BOOKS

"Just those qualities which would go to the making of an arresting story would seem to have been used here for an autobiography which is both convincing and refreshing . . . Like Miss Ferber's stories and novels, this autobiography is enriched by an awareness of her time as well as of the drama and humor and pathos of the individuals who compose it." — *Mary Ross.*

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of LITERATURE

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

VOLUME 247 SPRING 1939 NUMBER 1

# *Quarterly Comment*

## CONFUSED DEMOCRACY

An increasing tendency has become apparent, in recent months, on the part of certain highly vocal groups to label whatever threatens for the moment to upset the economic apple cart as either "undemocratic" or "un-American." Unfortunately, these labels are taken seriously. Even more unfortunately, when taken seriously, they are quite apt to become the very slogans that lead to class wars and bloodshed. One has only to look in the direction of Europe. . . .

It becomes evident that the majority of the people have but a very hazy idea as to just what constitutes a democratic form of government. Generally it is believed, with a good deal of wishful thinking, to be "the will of the people." But if this were so, then there would be no excuse for tagging the more extravagant notions of radical labor groups, for example, as "undemocratic." If labor wishes to lobby for a week consisting of six Sundays and one work-day, and wants time-and-a-half wages for that one six-hour day of work per week, there is nothing essentially undemocratic about the business. It may be contrary to the public weal, but a good many other conditions that exist, with the bland sanction of the government powers, are contrary to the public weal.

At the same time, an increasing government control of business is hysterically condemned as leading to the interference of the sacred concepts of individual liberty.

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Yet a close analysis brings to light the fact that those most loud in their denunciation of any interference with the liberty of the masses are actually more concerned with the immediate protection of private property.

A suitable democratic government, it would then appear, is one that rigidly keeps the masses in line, without interfering, except helpfully, with the minority groups who utilize those same masses as both productive labor and ultimate consumers. There is, obviously, something wrong with such a picture, and precisely because that wrong has been glossed over by ruling cliques, has come about the present defeat of the "democratic" countries of Europe. However, in neither England nor France was the democratic form of government ever intended as a lovers' link between the masses and capital. Rather, it was a buffer. There democracies came into being, not because of love of the common people, but because of fear. That a legitimate marriage never took place is evidenced by the shrill cries of "rape" that are repetitiously uttered by both sides. And rape it may well be, but the victim of assault is the middle class, willing and eager to support the battered principles of democracy if given half a chance.

THERE IS A STRONG DANGER that what has happened in Europe may occur here. Far too many people are concerned with what they can take out of the country, rather than what they can put *into* it. A class of puppet capitalists has come into being; men who are neither producers nor creators, but who serve as corporation executives, jealous of their positions, their perquisites, their bonuses. And this group, more radical in their reactionary philosophy than the most rabid of Communists, is far more dangerous than those same Com-

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munists. For it is this group that has fought bitterly, step by step, every advance made by Labor over the past thirty years; every concession granted the working classes has been given grudgingly and too often has been stained with blood. As a result of this economic short-sightedness, many of the mill towns of New England have become ghost cities, more dreary and depressed than the deserted mining towns of Nevada and California's Sierras. Mills and factories have closed down, gradually labor has moved away. But in the end it was the great middle class which suffered the most, and is still suffering: the vast number of people who were not directly connected with the mills and factories, either as investors or labor, but who indirectly prospered from both — the merchants, and doctors, and real estate men; the hundred and one little business men that go to make up a community. In brief, the very folk once praised as the backbone of the country, but now no more than the butt.

In its worse phases, this economic greed has bred hunger, and hunger is a dangerous thing. It was hunger that first fed the fires of revolution in Russia; it was hunger that swayed the rabble that carried Hitler along to power. And hunger should find no place in a productive country, in a land, as far as natural resources go, of plenty. But it has in the past, and many would, for purely selfish reasons, have it continue to do so in the future.

It is easy to criticize the present Administration in respect to unemployment and relief. Without question, its experiments in public works and charity have been awkward, at many times inexpert, and more often than not woefully extravagant. Yet most of the New Deal's critics offer nothing to take the place of the present

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method of Federal aid. These critics point to the money that has been and is being spent, rather than to the results of those expenditures.

Little publicity is given in the conservative press to statistics which estimate that 53 percent of all building construction work done in 1938 was made possible only by Federal aid. Total construction in 1938 increased by more than $300,000,000 over 1937, which meant that, at the same time, employment increased in like ratio. Possibly this is an unwarranted interference with private enterprise, as many business men claim, but bread lines and jobless millions are also an interference.

And this $300,000,000, incidentally, was money that private enterprise was strangely reluctant to invest, although willing enough to profit by Federal expenditure. It is an easy matter for industrial leaders to say that "business confidence will return when public spending stops," thereby insinuating a lack of confidence in the government. But it might be more to the point for business to concentrate on gaining the confidence of the public at large. Economic sabotage is not the way to do it.

MEANWHILE EXTREMISTS OFFER TWO QUICK CURE-ALLS for unemployment and hunger in a land of abundance: Communism and Fascism. There is an increasing tendency toward placing these two doctrines under a common label; it is maintained that both are harsh dictatorships severely regimenting both industry and the people. In the current confusion, one important fundamental is overlooked — that a doctrine of political economy that is good or bad for one country is not necessarily equally good or bad for a neighboring country. On the surface the dictatorships of Stalin and Hitler are

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similar. But the Russian State, before the advent of Communism, was in a far different condition than was Germany. Russia was fundamentally an agricultural country, with an oppressive semi-feudal system that kept the great majority of its people in bitter serfdom. Almost any step made by Russia, under whatever kind of dictatorship, towards industrialization had of necessity to be a step forward. Liberty could not be taken away from a people who had never enjoyed liberty. Regimentation in the matter of food and housing was no deprivation to those who previously had been left to starve in hovels. The Russian people, in the mass, benefited by dictatorship.

The same was not true of Germany, for the simple reason that Germany was a more advanced State than Russia. In consequence, under a dictatorship, various liberties and advantages that the German people had heretofore enjoyed were either severely restricted or done away with entirely. Dictatorship was not a step forward, as in Russia, but a step backward to the time when citizens were not free men but vassals.

Neither prospect should be pleasing to Americans. Yet today we find on one hand Communist doctrines being accepted by a growing number of workers, and on the other a sizable group of industrialists secretly, but nevertheless wishfully, ogling the labor-regimentation theories of the Nazi and Facist leaders. Ironically and illogically, it is spokesmen for these same industrialists who criticize the present régime in Washington as "heading for the state capitalism that marks the totalitarian countries of Europe" — to quote Mr. George H. Davis, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. In other words, the government should refrain from dictating to business, even in those matters that vitally

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affect the well-being of the nation as a whole, while at the same time accepting the dictates of industry.

BUT INDUSTRIAL DICTATORSHIP, carried to an extreme, leads to the same type of dictatorship under which Germany and Italy now suffer, for in the beginning it was the industrialists of their respective countries who financially aided Hitler and Mussolini. We have already had isolated examples of what an industrial dictatorship could mean to this country, and if memory lags we have only to refer to the news stories of "bloody" Harlan County, of the Republic Steel strike, of the share-croppers of the South. Even more important, however, is the point but rarely brought out — that a government run by business for the benefit of business is *not* a democracy, in the American concept of the word. It is a dictatorship good or bad, workable or unworkable, and should be considered and publicized as such. But it has nothing to do with democracy.

It becomes obvious, then, that there must be a reconsideration of the fundamental principles of democracy in this country. There must be a compromise between Capital and Labor, in order for that democracy to survive. Otherwise, one of the two present forms of European dictatorships comes into being, and that dictatorship, whichever one it may be, means the gradual elimination of the great middle class. And that elimination is not progress, unless the lowering of class standards to the lowest common denominator can be called progress.

Such a compromise demands certain sacrifices by both Capital and Labor. But it must be remembered that democracy demands more of the people than any other form of government. It demands not only that they take

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an interest in government and in governmental affairs, but that they make use of their respective abilities and exercise a marked degree of self-control. People cannot hope to take advantage of personal liberty and guaranteed rights without assuming the responsibilities which go with them; they cannot expect to enjoy the privileges of limited power on the part of their government without limiting their own appetites and desires.

European democracies are already on the way out. But the same need not necessarily be true in America, provided a little common sense can take precedence over an all too common greed.

— J. H. S.

CURRENT TRENDS

The very able and distinguished Judicial Council of the State of New York, presided over by Chief Judge Crane of the State Court of Appeals, has again come out against the "blue-ribbon" jury, composed of specially qualified men and women and assigned to the more complicated and important cases. Last year the Council held that the "blue-ribbon" jury was a "convicting jury," which brought forth an immediate rebuttal from the bench and bar, showing that the rate of convictions by selective juries differed little from the rate of convictions by other juries, and that the convictions by them held up quite well on appeal. This year the Council disapproves of the "blue-ribbon" jury on the ground that it is "un-American and not consonant with a trial by one's peers." This opinion springs from a sound impulse, backed by a mass of legal history, but it collides, at least partly, with the facts of contemporary litigation.

One hundred years ago most cases involved little complexity, and any decent, honest, well-disposed man could

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follow them clearly, rendering, on the whole, a just verdict. But since then our economic life and legal procedure have become so complicated that many cases at law require not only above-the-average juries to pass upon them but above-the-average judges to conduct them. Only in such cases do "blue-ribbon" juries sit. The old jury system still has its uses, and perhaps should still be employed in ordinary disputes and in cases dealing with capital crimes and civil liberties — for the common man inclines to be more fair in such fundamentals than his better informed brother — but in cases concerning large tangible and intangible properties, it would seem that more selective juries could render greater and more intelligent service.

NEWS HAS OF LATE COME from Harvard, Princeton and other universities that henceforth they will demand of their students that they know more of the country's history, literature and politics, and that their "American" faculties will be enlarged accordingly. The smaller colleges and academies will probably follow suit, and perhaps in a decade every college graduate will have a rough idea about the Missouri Compromise, the grandeur of Thoreau, and the real, as distinguished from the movie, content of *Moby Dick*.

Our academic condescension toward our own culture has always amazed the more intelligent foreign visitors. Even so ancient a college as Harvard, situated in the very cradle of the nation's history, has for nearly three hundred years practiced a snobbery toward this land in the form of a paltry number of courses on American affairs, particularly in the arts, and by employing as teachers in them men whose likes it would sneer at, much less appoint, in the medical and law schools.

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The result has been two-fold: first, college students have got the impression that American history and literature deserve little consideration, and, second, the nation's past continues to remain pretty much a mystery, because scholars have largely disdained it. We still lack a really good, comprehensive history of the national letters, we still lack a sound and thorough study of the country's architecture and painting, and we still lack even a first-rate survey of our political development. The available volumes in these fields embarrass the country as well as their authors.

One of the accepted authorities in the realm of American literary history not only betrays a vast ignorance of his subject and a callow critical sense, but also writes an English that worries the editors of the three or four general magazines, who for some strange reason feel they have to print him occasionally. For thirty years he has misunderstood and denounced every major American writer, from Dreiser and Lewis to Hemingway and Wolfe, thinking them of so little worth that he seldom mentions them in his classrooms. The proposed academic revival of interest in our own culture demands that teachers of this sort be replaced by adult men and women who love their country sufficiently to do battle for its art, literary and otherwise, even before it has achieved the approval of posterity.

— C. A.

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The New Deal's Most Approved and Successful Venture, the CCC

# 270,000 Young Americans

*By*

COLONEL J. R. D. MATHESON

SIX YEARS AGO this spring, there straggled into the army posts throughout the country the vanguard of an organization unique in the annals of American history. Citizen armies we have had aplenty. Every war in which we have ever been engaged — and for an avowedly peace-loving nation we have been engaged in an amazing number — has witnessed the birth of one. But here was a citizen army created to fight, not a human enemy, but a coalition formed of unemployment and the waste and destruction of our natural resources.

Our forests, our parks, our farms, our grazing land had suffered from indifference or worse throughout our national life. The wanton destruction of our timber supply, through careless methods of cutting, had for years worried the able but poorly financed United States Forest Service. Unscientific farming had caused serious soil erosion in many parts of the country and bade fair to make a desert of a vast section of the Middle West. Something had to be done — and the Civilian Conservation Corps was created to do it. The Forest Service has stated that its program has been advanced twenty years as a result, and other agencies involved make similar reports.



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What is the composition of the Civilian Conservation Corps? How does it operate?

Its organization is perhaps without a parallel in this or any other country. At its head is the Director, who establishes general policies and coördinates the CCC activities of the various coöperating services. The latter consists of four executive departments — War, Agriculture, Interior and Labor — and the Veterans Administration. Each of these five agencies has a representative on the Director's advisory council, which meets upon call, about once a month.

The functions of the coöperating services are clear-cut and distinct. To this fact may be attributed in large measure the smoothness with which the Corps functions. The Department of Labor is charged with the function of selection — the designation of young candidates for enrollment in the Corps. When one considers that every three months some forty or fifty thousand new enrollments are made, the magnitude of the task becomes apparent. Yet the Department of Labor engages for the purpose a mere handful of Federal employés, all in Washington, and expends only a few thousand dollars out of the annual CCC appropriation of several hundred millions.

The answer to this apparent anomaly is in the gratuitous service of the State and community welfare organizations. The Department of Labor prescribes selection policies, establishes state quotas and issues the necessary periodical instructions, but the actual task of selection is performed by the non-Federal agencies scattered throughout the country. Of course, the gratuitous service of these agencies is not entirely altruistic, inasmuch as enrollment in the CCC removes actual or potential relief cases from state and community responsibility, and the

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allotments sent home by the recruits help to support thousands of needy families. Nevertheless, these local welfare organizations deserve credit for their whole-hearted coöperation in selecting worthy candidates.

The selection of War Veterans, who make up about nine per cent of the Corps, is a function of the Veterans Administration. The procedure is much the same as in the case of juniors, except that the actual choosing is performed by the regional offices of the Veterans Administration rather than by local welfare agencies. A limited number of veterans may be assigned as mess stewards, cooks, etc., with junior companies. Otherwise the junior and veteran contingents are entirely separate.

The men all report to army stations, where they are examined physically. Successful candidates are enrolled, given the necessary clothing and equipment, and their life as members of the Civilian Conservation Corps begins. From now on until the day of their discharge, they are under the control of the War Department, except during the hours actually spent on the work projects. The War Department is charged with the command of the Corps, including reconditioning (physical development), organization, administration, transportation, supply, sanitation, medical care, hospitalization, discipline, welfare and education. It constructs and manages the work camps and dismantles abandoned camps that are not turned over to some other agency for future use. About seventy per cent of the annual appropriation is expended by the War Department.

THE ADMINISTRATION of the CCC has become one of the major activities of the department. Here is a civilian army almost twice the size of the Regular Army and requiring a great deal of close attention to keep it supplied

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and in operating condition. At first, Regular officers by the thousands were taken away from their normal assignments to command and administer the CCC. Many regiments were left with less than one officer per company. Gradually, however, this condition was ameliorated, so that now there are barely a hundred Regular officers on full-time duty with the CCC, the places of the others having been taken by Reserve Officers, of whom there are approximately 5,000 on such duty.

To perform its CCC command and administrative functions, the War Department makes use of its nine Corps Areas. These are divided into CCC districts, of which there is a total of forty-four, each commanded by a Regular officer. Some of the larger districts are further sub-divided for inspection purposes into sub-districts.

There are in the continental United States 1,500 companies, each having a strength of some 200 men. The maximum enrolled strength authorized by law is 300,000, exclusive of Indians and territorials. This strength is reached, or nearly reached, at the height of each quarterly enrollment period, thereafter diminishing gradually as enrollees leave the Corps to accept private employment or for other reasons, until the next enrollment period, when the strength curve again turns sharply upward. The average enrolled strength throughout the year varies from about 265,000 to about 280,000, depending largely upon economic conditions and the availability of jobs.

The fluctuation in strength occurs almost exclusively in the junior contingent. Partly because the law limits the service of juniors (except a few key men) to a total of two years, partly because of the innate restlessness of youth and the ambition to advance in life, the turnover among the juniors is approximately 200,000 a year. On the other hand, there is no limit to the length of service of

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the veterans, who are content to stay on indefinitely amid the cheerful and healthful surroundings of the CCC camps. The maximum strength of the very efficient veteran contingent is now 27,200 and it seldom falls below 25,000.

FOR EIGHT hours a day, five days a week, the enrollees are employed on the work projects to which their companies are assigned. During the work hours they are under the immediate control of the Department of the Interior or the Department of Agriculture, to whose representatives the work parties are turned over each morning by the company commanders. If the work project is close to the camp, they return to camp for the noon meal. Normally, however, lunch is sent out to the parties in the field.

The Forest Service operates the lion's share of the work projects, with the Soil Conservation Service and the National Park Service running second and third. The Forest Service projects are distributed among national, state and private forests. The Park Service projects are divided between national and state parks. While each of these projects has its individual problems, there is a general similarity among them. Reforestation, construction of roads, trails and fire-breaks, development of recreational facilities, all are important items in both Forest and Park projects. The very nature of the projects requires that the camps, as a rule, be rather remote from civilization, deep in the woods and high on the hills.

The Soil Conservation camps are normally located in agricultural communities, where soil erosion has threatened the farmers with ruin. Their work is on private land, under coöperative agreements with the owners. Through the good offices of these Soil Conservation companies, the farmers are initiated into the mysteries of check dams,

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contour plowing and other scientific means of combatting erosion.

The grazing camps are located in the cattle and sheep country of the West. Their principal tasks are to restore the grasslands that were faced with destruction as a result of over-grazing, and to develop and establish additional water-points, so that the stock may be grazed where lack of water formerly forbade.

IN BRIEF, the CCC is employed on real constructive work, much of which might otherwise never be undertaken for lack of means for its accomplishment. A progressive reduction in the number of camps, combined with a comprehensive study of the needs of the technical services, has resulted in a careful selection of projects and the establishment of definite priorities. When current projects are completed, many other worthy ones are ready and waiting for CCC companies to operate them.

Nor is all the work effort of the CCC men expended upon the projects in the approved program. In time of disaster, the programs of the companies in the affected area are temporarily forgotten while the enrollees are employed in saving life and property. Forest fire fighting has become such a common occurrence among them that nowadays we seldom read of a forest fire where mention is not made of the fact that several hundred CCC boys are engaged in fighting it.

During the great Ohio River flood in 1937, well over a hundred companies were actually employed in the relief of distress in the flooded areas and in assisting in the fight against the rising waters, while many others were held in readiness to be rushed to critical points if needed. The battle line extended from Pittsburgh to the Gulf, and the Commanding Generals of the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth,

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Seventh and Eighth Corps Areas maneuvered their forces, concentrating them at critical points, much as they would have done with armies in the theatre of war. During and following the disastrous New England hurricane last year, the CCC rendered yeoman service.

The organization of the CCC into companies of uniform strength, under military control, renders it particularly adaptable to disaster relief work. With it there is no question of rounding up as many laborers as can be found and induced to work. It is simply a matter of ordering one, two, or four companies to a critical point, and the authorities know that they are to have two hundred, four hundred, or eight hundred young enthusiasts, ready and willing to work and to *obey orders*. For to the CCC man, building an ornamental drinking fountain in a park, clearing a trail through a forest, or disputing the right-of-way with a roaring fire or a raging river is all in the day's work. He does the job he is told to do, and does it better than average. This does not imply that he has more than average intelligence, but he does have that intangible quality called discipline.

WE HAVE accounted for the work hours of the CCC boys, but there still remains a little time between the evening meal and "lights out." It is then that the camp educational program holds sway.

Each camp has a civilian employé of the War Department known as the camp educational adviser. It is his duty to consult the new enrollees, learn their educational background and advise them as to the course of study to be pursued while in camp. Particular stress is laid upon the eradication of illiteracy, but a wide range of subjects, from the three R's to aerodynamics, may be found in the camp curricula. The teachers are the educational ad-

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viser, the company officers, the project superintendent and his assistants, and even some qualified enrollees. In some camps, teachers from nearby communities are called in. Many high schools and colleges have made their facilities available and enrollees take advantage of their evening classes.

The educational program is entirely voluntary. Its primary purpose is to increase the employability of the enrollees. The educational adviser and his associates are constantly on the alert to assist in finding jobs for their young wards; and many a former CCC boy is now making good in the world of business and agriculture.

THE COST of all this? It must be admitted that it is no inconsiderable amount. Constant effort is made to effect reductions in cost, with reasonable success. At the present time, the over-all per capita cost per enrollment-year is about $1,000. Multiplying this figure by the average enrolled strength of 270,000, we run into real money.

But let us look at the other side of the picture. Our dwindling natural resources are being rehabilitated and restored. Scientific forestation is saving our remaining supply of timber and restoring old forests all but ruined by wanton cutting. Farm land that was reverting to desert through careless and unscientific cultivation is once more becoming fertile. Our parks are being developed and made more accessible to the tourists who flock to them for recreation. Sanctuaries are being created for our migratory birds and wild life, until recently faced with destruction. Largely as a result of the CCC, the nation has become conservation-conscious, for the first time since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock and commenced lustily cutting trees in that long vanished forest.

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On the credit side of the ledger must be placed also the relief aspect of the Corps. While membership in a family on relief is no longer a prerequisite to enrollment, as it was during the first four years of the Corps, nevertheless a majority of the enrollees do still come from families on relief or with insufficient means for their adequate support. CCC regulations require that such enrollees make to their dependents a monthly allotment of twenty-two dollars out of their pay. Those not required to make allotments must deposit a like amount with the Government, to be held for them until they are discharged from the Corps.

As the base pay is only thirty dollars, the enrollee has little opportunity for personal extravagance. Certain enrollees are rated as leaders and assistant leaders, with monthly pay of forty-five and thirty-six dollars respectively. They can, if they wish, spend more freely, but many of them prefer to increase their deposits or their allotments to the folks at home. Thus not only are the local relief rolls reduced, but the men, instead of suffering the humiliation of being unemployed and on relief, are proud to be able to contribute to the support of their families. And along with these benefits for their dependents, they themselves are being benefited by healthful outdoor work, good food, regular hours and a well ordered, disciplined life.

This question of discipline, with its military implications, has always been a delicate subject where the CCC is concerned. The anguished wails of our pacifistic brethren arose to high Heaven when it became known in 1933 that the Corps was to be administered by the Army. That poor overworked word "regimentaion" and its long-suffering relatives were called upon, in the words of an old-time humorist, to "work more assiduously than

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ever." Of late the clamor has died down, but even within comparatively recent months we have heard an occasional plea to "demilitarize the CCC."

Such an attitude is rather amusing, in view of the extreme care that has always been exercised in CCC to avoid anything like militarization. There is no military training in the CCC, nor has there been since the inception of the Corps. The Army was called in, not for the purpose of militarizing the Corps, but simply because, of all the agencies of the Government, the War Department was best organized to perform the job. Should military training ever be introduced in the CCC, it will be only because the War Department has been ordered by proper authority to inaugurate it. The initiative will not come from the War Department.

It would be silly, however, to claim that because there is no military training, the CCC has no military value. Any group of 270,000 healthy young men has military value. But the CCC is more than just a group of healthy young men. It is an organized body, commanded by officers of the Regular Army and the Reserve Corps. The men are subject to a mild form of military discipline. Their lives are governed by regulations — not as strict as Army Regulations, but nevertheless regulations. They acquire respect for constituted authority, a trait that is dormant, to say the least, in a goodly portion of Young America. They learn to live and work together in a large group. They are taught habits of personal cleanliness, neatness and hygiene. They develop physically, mentally and morally in most cases far beyond the possibilities of their home environments.

The camp educational programs afford them opportunities to learn and, by learning, to increase their employability. Boys, many of whom never had steady

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work before, experience for the first time the satisfaction that comes from a job well done. They are broadened by travel and experience. Young men from the congested industrial centers of the East have seen and learned to love the forests and mountains of the Far West; and they are pretty thoroughly satisfied in their own minds that America is really God's country, and are proud to have had a hand in its preservation and development.

In short, the habits and traits of character developed through service in the CCC are essentially those of good citizens; and, under our democratic form of government, good citizens, given adequate training, make the best soldiers.

Military value? Of course the CCC has military value, but only indirectly. As to the future of the CCC, one man's guess is as good as another's. From its inception in 1933 until May, 1937, it led a hand-to-mouth existence. In May, 1937, the Congress enacted legislation prolonging its life until June 30, 1940, "and no longer." That limitation can be extended, of course, by a future Congress. The CCC has unquestionably been one of the most popular of the new agencies of the Government and many influential persons have advocated its being made permanent. In fact, the President, in his annual budget message submitted to the Congress on January fifth last, made that definite recommendation.

Whatever its fate — whether it passes out of the picture next year or is given a permanent status — it has already, in its brief existence, accomplished a vast amount of good; and its achievements in the rehabilitation of both human and natural resources have left a mark upon the nation that will endure far into the future.

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An Authentic Story of
Four Reporters
Who Had to *Make* News

# A Fake That Rocked the World

*By* HARRY LEE WILBER

ONE MODEST but highly inventive newspaper man forty years ago in a mining camp in Nevada, started a commotion of international and incalculable significance. Through a sheer journalistic stunt, wholly innocent in its intent, he started the Boxer Rebellion in China!

In 1899 the newspapers of Denver, Colorado, were: the *Republican*, the *Denver Times*, the *Denver Post* and the *Rocky Mountain News*. On a bleak Saturday night a reporter from each of these papers was assigned to cover the hotels on lower Seventeenth Street and the depot. The four men — Al Stevens, Jack Tournay, John Lewis and Hal Wilshire — happened to meet at the depot at practically the same time. In short order they confessed to one another that they were hard up for news for the Sunday morning edition. Suddenly Stevens spoke up:

"You guys can do what you want, but I'm going to fake. I won't go back to the city desk on a pinch-hitting night like this without a line." And then, as an afterthought, "It won't hurt anybody, so don't get sore." The other three men asked to be taken in, which Stevens promptly agreed to.

So the four walked up Seventeenth Street to the Oxford Hotel, where they had a drink. It was about 10



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o'clock. While waiting for their beers, Lewis, who was called "King" because he was tall, dignified and wore horn-rimmed glasses, leaned forward: "Why four weak fakes? If we're going to slip one over, why not make it a good one sponsored by all of us?"

At once they began scratching for a good one. If memory is not at fault, it was Wilshire who made the initial suggestion, to wit:

Five steel men, representing an independent organization in Wall Street, had arrived only a few hours before. Their purpose was to acquire a large area of ground for the erection of steel mills in competition with the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company.

This hunch was received frigidly. The story could not be followed up and the public would be suspicious.

Stevens suggested a kidnapping story: three detectives from New York or Boston were in Denver on the trail of two kidnappers who had secretly made off with a rich débutante. This was too fantastic. The Boston police would prick that bubble within an hour.

Finally Tournay and Lewis said that a big story with a "foreign" punch might get over, owing to the difficulty of contradiction. A foreign angle! Russia? Hardly, for none knew much about that country. Germany looked better. Then there was Spain. Maybe a tale with a bull-ring background. Holland with her great dykes and windmills loomed as a possibility. The group was about to adopt a Dutch setting when Japan thrust itself into the picture, to be followed like a flash, with the one word: *China*. But why that land, almost dead and buried, with her antique business methods and utter lack of progress?

Lewis exclaimed, "What's the matter with the great Chinese wall? That sacred pile hasn't been in the news for ages. Why not a story around it?"

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THE IDEA fascinated. Lewis continued: "Let's tear it down!"

Tear it down! While at first blush the scheme promised intense interest, the thought of razing it appalled. Eventually, however, it was decided upon as a solution for front-page news on the morrow. Only one of the group was opposed. He was afraid of repercussions. Time proved his wisdom.

Here was the story: a party of engineers from a Wall Street firm had arrived in Denver en route to China. They planned to inspect the Great Wall with a view to its eventual demolition at a minimum of cost. Their company had negotiated with the ruling power in China, which had decided to level the entire ancient boundary as a gesture of good will, and to show the world that China welcomed trade.

It was 11 o'clock at night, and the newspaper men had to hurry. They had another round of beer.

The next step was to "register" the "engineers" so they could be "interviewed." So to the Windsor Hotel, swanky in those days, the reporters repaired and, after enlisting the secrecy of the night clerk, each signed a fictitious name. The clerk promised, if cornered the next day, to declare the "visitors" had not confided in him, but had talked to the "press," had paid their bills, and left early the next morning for the West.

The Windsor records, if preserved, will show these names.

Then back to the Oxford went the four journalists for a last drink and to draw up a secret agreement that each would stand pat on the story and maintain absolute secrecy as to its falsity "during their lifetime." That proviso, unfortunately, doesn't hold any more.

Wilshire presented himself before one of the greatest

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of all city desk men, John Charles Mason, curt in speech, merciless in criticism, hard as a rock, but fair, to his men. He outlined the "story" with as straight a face as he could maintain. Mason's eyes glittered. "Exclusive?" he asked quickly. Wilshire sorrowfully admitted that the story was too big not to have found its way into the hands of reporters on the three other competing papers.

"Well," Mason snapped, "stay within a column for page one. Rush it!"

Page one the following morning was dominated by this revelation:

GREAT CHINESE
WALL IS DOOMED;
PEKING TO SEEK
WORLD'S TRADE!

In equally arresting fashion, the other sheets blazoned the yarn, the writers of which, of course, although differing a bit on minor details, had recorded faithfully the main theme. The *Post* used red ink.

Two weeks later, Lewis asked Wilshire to meet him at a secret rendezvous where he cautiously displayed a copy of the Sunday edition of a large Eastern newspaper, in the supplement of which was printed the Great Wall story with illustrations of the pile itself, the mikado, etc. And not only this, but the paper quoted a Chinese mandarin visiting in New York who confirmed the report!

Destruction of the wall was of such international interest that the story was cabled across seas without comment or verification. When it reached China it incensed the "Boxers" so that they started the Boxer "Rebellion." This is how it happened.

Things about this time were sizzling in China. Russia had secured the right to extend her trans-Siberian railroad through Manchuria. She already had secured Port

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Arthur. Roused by her rival, England demanded and obtained Wai-hei-wai on the opposite side of the gulf to enable her to check Russian movements. Germany already had seized Kiau Chau, and France had begun to occupy Indo-China. It began to look as if China were doomed to partition.

A secret society called the "Boxers" had sprung up, its object being to drive out the hated foreigners. At first they really did very little damage, compared to the holy work of the later bands, but when they read in their newspapers of the American plan to demolish the Chinese Wall they became infuriated, and soon the world was shocked to read that the "western Barbarians," missionaries and others, had been massacred by the hundreds, and foreign embassies in Peking besieged. Emperor Kwang-Su and his Empress fled. Alarm spread. Twelve thousand British, French, Russian, Japanese and American troops marched on Peking. Eventually the capital was taken and the residents rescued. The Boxer "Rebellion" did not cover many years but its slaughter, mainly by the "rescuers," was terrible.

SEVERAL YEARS passed. Bishop Henry W. Warren of the Methodist Episcopal church returned to the United States from an extended tour of observation throughout China. One Sunday evening he was advertised to deliver a lecture on conditions in the Orient at the Trinity M. E. Church, Eighteenth and Broadway, in Denver. Wilshire was assigned to report the missionary's view of China.

"You may not realize, friends," said the learned Bishop, during his introductory remarks, "the power of the printed word. Bad news and false news pick up added fuel and eventually blaze devastatingly . . ."

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Nothing yet of interest here. Then —

"As an example of the havoc that can be wrought, take the 'Boxer Rebellion.' The spark that set off the tinder in that terrible war was struck in a town in Western Kansas or Nebraska [it was Colorado] by three [four, you will remember] reporters who concocted and printed a wild yarn, for what reason I have never been able to find out, that the huge sacred Chinese Wall was to be razed by American engineers, and the country thrown wide open to hated foreigners."

In a rear pew, Wilshire almost fell from his seat as he listened:

"This pure canard reached China and the newspapers there published it with shouting headlines and editorial comment. Denials did no good. The Boxers, already incensed, believed the yarn and there was no stopping them. It was the last straw and hell broke loose to the horror of the world. All this from a sensational but untrue story."

Thus was history made. I often wonder how much more of it is made in the same way.

## The Walking Dead

Tears for the dead, but not the dead in graves;
  Tears for the dead who walk;
Who see the world's injustice, and yet are
  Too cowardly to talk.

FLORENCE HAMILTON

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An American Watches England Awaken
to the Foreboding of Disaster.

# Sussex Nightmare

EUGENE and ARLINE LÖHRKE

WE HAD NOT dropped down on the Sussex farm in the green lap of the old island civilization to investigate, under blankets and behind veils, the weaknesses, bogeys, fanaticisms of the Old World. There were plenty of weaknesses, bogeys, fanaticisms in the New World for any eye to see. If it was a matter of removing the mote from our neighbor's eye, we might much better have stayed at home attempting to rip out the beam from our own.

Never, for one moment, were we unaware of the value that the more tranquil aspects of English life have for America and Americans. A civilization that has time for everything, a time for seeding and ploughing, a time for work and reflection and leisure, has its idyllic side compared with the spectacular, changing stridencies of the New World. Often, as we watched the behavior, habits and relaxations of Englishmen in the mass, we wondered what America had to offer that could equal such a way of life. The American city worker on his day of rest sat beside his radio, or threw himself into his car if he had one, and counted his day's adventures by the number of gasoline pumps he passed in a vast traffic line from the city to something that was less of a city and back again.



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It was not leisure; it was the blind eye following the blind alley, the mechanical age defeating itself.

If Americans lived by a process of twice removal from the soil, the English got back to it as quickly and naturally as a man puts on a hat and coat. England had taken to wheels, as many wheels as possible, but a good half of them were still bicycle wheels; and the clerks who pedaled their way down to Brighton and back again on bank holidays and the factory workers who turned their small strips of backyard garden to bright oases of color in the prevailing monotony of brick suburbs were better men for what they did and what they got in return.

Some part and share in the land, even if it was only the size of two bed sheets, seemed to be for every Englishman, no matter what his lot or station in life, a part of his natural heritage, and what these people did to that land was good to see. It was good to walk down our lane on a Sunday morning and see old Roberts, the shepherd, working among the dahlias that were his great life achievement, and to feel his pride when people stopped to admire. The naturalness with which everything and everyone turned to the land in any time of leisure was continually reflected in parks and gardens, the most beautiful parks and the loveliest gardens in the world.

So many things in England were good as they were that there seemed at times a kind of homely wisdom in the resistance to change. There was no frantic desire to "get ahead" where everyone had some approximation of what he wanted. Very often this approximation might look dingy to outside eyes, but what of that? If it did not give people very much, it left them with a great deal of peace. If the class system was such that most men could not rise very far or very fast, it was offset by the fact that

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most men did not care, and certain individuals could and did rise. The small but steady surge upward from below had always tended to keep the bread reasonably leavened. For those who were left below, there was no particular hardship in a lot that left them content and free from all contempt.

There was bitter, degrading hardship in the lot of those in the great industrial centers, who had simply been discarded and were living on the dole. But in the rural parts a man might still have a very little besides his work and have enough. They were not ambitious; opportunity's knock was seldom peremptory and the spirit of the times had never troubled our cottage neighbors very much. To be born, to work and die on the fields their fathers had tended was still a good life, provided there was a good master. Any desire or reach upward, any notion of equality, was simply a puzzle that would not go down. As Martin, the cook, put it succinctly, "If all men were alike, no one could pay anyone else and we'd all starve. Besides, they couldn't all be alike."

So much was true, so very true. People who go about the world disparaging and kicking at everything that displeases them, showing how beautifully their own gods stand up beside other people's idols, are much better off staying at home. But we did not think that we were that kind of people — not really, not at bottom anyway. We thought that there were faults and flaws on both sides of the ocean and that England and America had much to learn from each other. We thought that our way of getting ahead too fast was about as bad as the English way of standing so bemused by the past that nothing ever happened at all. We liked too many things in England not to place them beside other things we liked less, and to see how many of them mattered more than a great many

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American things. We liked the mild, damp, easy-going climate and the mild, easy-going character it bred. We liked the innate decency and self-respect that is so often the way of the English between each other. We liked the humor and the endless patience of English crowds. We liked the rooted, sturdy kindness, the sincere hospitality that led us to intimate firesides, now and again, strangers that we were. We liked the comfortable feeling that the English have about England, much the same attitude, in times of peace, that men used to have toward warm slippers and a pipe. We liked the comfortable naturalness of English homes beside which so many American homes seem like flimsy stage-sets only waiting for the scene-shifters to get to work. We liked English children, the merriest children we had ever known, and we liked English dogs, the happiest dogs.

AND TAKING all these things we liked, and striving always for that most difficult of things, the objective viewpoint, we could recognize the mark of pathos in much that we saw. Once in a while, on entering some English drawing room, or on reading some article or letter in the *Times*, we had the curious, unreal sensation of having stepped out of the living world into the pages of some ancient, disused book of our ancestors. The "cultivated" atmosphere around us still dated from the gas-lit era. The same games, the same movements, the same airs and graces that we had come in our minds to associate with the gay nineties at home still prevailed; the same blushing ladies rose to render arias from *Madame Butterfly* and *La Bohème*. Everyone was expected to play a part, to contribute something to the artistic effectiveness of the evening. One guest recited Spanish poetry, although no one else present understood Spanish; the host wound up the dilapidated

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phonograph and the daughters rendered sonnets with gestures, or danced a Swiss waltz. It was all very complete even to the murmurs of approval, the polite tinkling of applause.

These were things that we liked less, but after all they were not our things, and if we did not care for them, we could leave them alone. What impressed us, and began to gather depth and meaning the longer we stayed in England, was that so much we liked and disliked lived and had its being without virtue of any process of self-renewal. The museum-like atmosphere of English life would come uppermost in our minds and we would see that much we were looking at and had mistaken for living was in reality dessicated, almost mummified. England, one had to realize, official England, the England on top, was not having any traffic with the greater world. The prevailing English spirit had entered the phase where the thing sought for and desired was not creation or achievement, but merely survival. It had reached the perilous stage of a creature which decides its only real chance of life lies in withdrawing from life and putting its energies into building a hard and a harder shell.

It might be asked what we meant by the "prevailing spirit," whether we had not succumbed to a temptation to generalize gloomily from premises we did not altogether understand, rather than to search for another spirit at work behind many scenes. That there was such another spirit no one who had eyes or ears, who could read the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Economist*, or the *New Statesman and Nation*, or who could listen to Opposition utterances in Parliament, had any reason to doubt. But what impressed us most was how greatly the older spirit, the spirit that bowed only to the past, the reactionary spirit that had clutched at the levers of

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power so greedily, overwhelmed everything else. The enormous weight and preponderance of old age in everything, and old age in action, in thought, in deed was the single fact that was borne in on us most strongly, at times almost fearfully, during our years in England. We could not trace each breeze of many breezes to its source, but we could feel the prevailing wind. It was a cold, penetrating wind, and it came drizzling in from the East and blew its damp and rust wherever we looked.

Then we saw how it was that that rust that lay over so many things spread inward and became a corrosion. The lack of ideas about anything, chiefly about the outside world, formed a vacuum into which only phantasmagorias could enter. Where was the youth, the impetuous, headstrong, foolish, courageous youth that might have pushed its head through the old cobwebs? It seemed to us either to have lapsed into lethargy and cynicism, or else not to be there. Had that colossal sacrifice of youth in Flanders and Gallipoli turned the tide irretrievably against England? It often looked so. It stared out of the elderly comedies that haunted the theatre, the elderly, constricting touch that held English literature in its grip. The ancient family problems, dressed in modern clothes, that gave the English theatre its patterns were echoed in the ancient patterns of the "problem" novels. You could go to a dozen English plays or read a dozen good, solid English books without striking a single idea from the greater world. Whatever was new or interesting was usually imported; very often it was American, very often it was looked on angrily as a sort of disturbing intrusion, and also very often it was not worth the stir it created. But it served to show, a little more plainly than Englishmen like to be shown, that there was a world of unknown striving and dimension outside.

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IT WAS NOT our business to judge or condemn; neither could we help seeing this any more than we could help breathing the mist that wreathed the fields as the spring of our third year passed into the summer no man had reckoned on. We could argue these things with our Tory-minded neighbors until our jaws ached and their hair bristled and the whole atmosphere reeked with indignation and annoyance. When they realized that we were not trying to be funny, the whole thing was set down to our pitiable and lamentable ignorance. The feeling of an intense vacuum around us that only echoed back our own protests grew; the feeling of deep and deepening claustrophobia grew with it as events began to shape themselves so threateningly in the world outside.

Looking around us and listening, the realization was rising out of a welter of confusing experiences that in a time needing above all things coöperation and understanding, the two English-speaking nations of the world had only a nuisance or provocative value to each other. How did our own experience jibe with the twists and screws and careful oiling of the old propaganda machinery on top? Looking around us again with considerable astonishment, we saw that it was as easy for the Tory Government of England to take an American ambassador in tow as it had ever been at any time when England deemed this advisable. It was as useless to expect an American ambassador to represent America once he alighted in London as it was to expect an inexperienced tadpole to become immediately metamorphosed into an elderly frog. But certainly it was delightful to be the center of bustling events, to have heraldic doors flung open, to enter those inner sanctums which have figured so widely in fiction, to have a red carpet of flattery flung down from one's doorstep right into Downing

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Street or Buckingham Palace itself. It was so delightful, so novel and stimulating to be made the pivot around which so many things ostensibly revolved that one never thought of inquiring just why one had been sent to England or whom one had been sent to represent. Conversely, it was too easy for the British governing mind of our time to suppose that because it had one white mouse in a trap, it could proceed in its own way to the exploitation of the remaining 120,000,000 guinea pigs across the sea for purposes that seemed more and more somber and threatening as the summer wore on.

We could see this with a great deal of interest; we could understand how it was done, but we could not respect the judgment of those who let it be done, either in Washington or in London, and we could not believe that there was any significance to it. We could see that almost all official representation of America in England was unconscious misrepresentation, and *vice versa*, but we did not see how that could be changed. If all there was to the good relations between nations was a certain flourishing of diplomatic trumpets at certain appropriate times, and a certain glib atmosphere of agreement at other times, then one ambassador to England had been about as useful as another in our time. But we did not believe anything worthwhile could ever be as easy as that. We were not diplomats but ordinary Americans, and until ordinary Americans could speak out honestly with some chance of being heard in England, and ordinary Englishmen could be listened to honestly in America, the good relations between the two countries was simply a farce.

For ordinary Americans to be asked to admire the maneuvers of the Tory Government in England was about as distasteful as it was easy for the extraordinary Americans who were called diplomats. There had not

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been in our time in England a single act of the British Government in its external relations with which any thoughtful American could in any way agree. There had been many acts which seemed a gross, if not deliberate, insult to all he had been taught to believe in, both as concerned his own country and England. That was all right — Americans were not governing England and England was not governing America. But to ask for, to believe in, to encourage officially the hope of coöperation on this basis was perfunctory and dangerous.

It had not taken a total of three years in England to learn that American ideas and beliefs (where they were not openly despised) were distrusted by the upper level of the Tory mind, reflecting downward to many other levels. If this was the way of such things, very well. But why confuse the issues? If England, official England, was having nothing to do with American ideas, then it would be most convenient to have it said so. If the *cordon sanitaire* that the English upper-class mind had stretched around their preserves in England in despite of ideas in general, and ghosts and Bolshies in particular, were to be extended, why not let it be extended to America first of all? If these people were so rigid in their insistence on quarantining England at a time of great peril in the world, then why not drop the gates entirely and bar all strangers as well as all strange utterances? It had been apparent all along that what the English Tory Government was hurrying England toward was the position of a State quarantined without as it was atrophied within, with reservations of course, the usual British reservations, in case the thing just wouldn't work.

As TIME WENT ON, hastening to those gigantic conclusions that no one had foreseen and that at the very least

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were to change England's relations to the world and to history for some time to come, these things and the sum aggregate of all of them seemed to be part of the air we breathed, to gather force and dimensions from all the darkening events outside. Whatever mind, or absence of mind, was back of the scenes we were witnessing, that mind was playing with the candle from both ends, wanting it both ways and at the same time clutching desperately at the shadow of peace and security that was all it was able to evolve.

The ship of state, harried along by Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella, had cut adrift from the old traditional anchorages, and was entering foul waters at an almost incredible pace. Little as we knew about English history or the English political background, it was as apparent to us as it was to every reasonable-minded person in our neighborhood that England was sailing toward a new era, as the old buoys marking the middle of the way, the old channel, were let go, even to the fastidious and safe channel marker that Mr. Eden had seemed to us in our time. The old way had lacked imagination, perhaps, but for many it had spelled safety and common sense. England had fought all through her history for the balance of power in Europe and nothing that could possibly be done to upset those old balances was being omitted by the Fascist Powers of Germany and Italy. The acquiescence, by implication, of the Tory Government of England in a Fascist-dominated Europe was a totally new and untested thing, and raised a whole flock of questions concerning the future of England, not one of which could be faced without a deep anxiety and distrust. Even the superficial appeal of the policy of "appeasement" to the shop- and home-keeping instincts of the British middle classes seemed to us a dangerous thing. To democratic-

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minded people in England it implied a policy of continual surrender to a continuous threat of force. To deeper observers it seemed to imply something else, a shift, a distortion of the forces within England itself, a subtle yet deliberate trend toward the more "authoritarian" conceptions of government, a blind, ruthless and cynical attempt to tear down the traditional ways and liberties of the English people from inside.

Whatever was happening, whatever way the ship was being steered, it was moving at an almost incredible velocity out into the new seas. It was nonsense to assume that the hand that held the wheel was weak and unsteady. It was old, but it was very strong. It was strong enough to crush and stamp out every incipient revolt among the crew. It could toss the old pilots aside, contemptuously with a nod of its head in Parliament or press. The conviction of its own rightness was such that the slightest criticism levelled at it was the stigma of a moral wrong. Anyone who doubted that had only to point to what had happened to Mr. Eden and Lord Cranborne. No one who was not sure of himself to the point of exaltation would have challenged the hold which Mr. Eden held on the liberal-conservative imagination at home and abroad at a time when the National Government policies were running a constant gauntlet of opposition criticism. Yet the only "moderate" on the wing of the new policy had been forced out. The hand that gripped the fruit was ready to squeeze it and squeeze it dry before dropping it or flinging it aside. When that happened, England would be left a dry and bitter fruit.

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Has American Fiction
Failed to Produce
Memorable Women?

# Three Notes *on* American Literature

*By* CHARLES ANGOFF

AMERICAN LITERATURE in the past forty years has been more prolific in competent fiction than in the preceding century and a half, though not a single one of its novels has reached the stature of *Moby Dick* or *The Scarlet Letter*. The two periods, however, thus roughly demarcated, have one common characteristic in that they have not produced a single memorable woman character. This fact perhaps betokens a glaring immaturity in the literary impulse as well as a deep-grained failure to view life with the realism born of retrospective, open-eyed romance.

Our woman characters live principally as background for description of the times or of a locality or as props for the development of man characters. In not one instance do they stand out in their own right in the same way in which, say, Becky Sharp does in *Vanity Fair*. No one refers to a woman as a Leora Arrowsmith or a Mrs. Forrester, because our fictional women lack universality.

Hester Prynne, in *The Scarlet Letter*, belongs to New England, not to the world. Hawthorne put her on paper with very great skill, but somehow she does not encompass all womanhood. Frank Norris did not get a single full-bodied woman on paper. He knew the relations of



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men and women to their surroundings, but he did not know men and women in their mutual relations or as they appear to themselves in the dark waste and middle of the night. The same applies to Stephen Crane. *Maggie* concerns the streets of New York at a particular time, and the girl serves merely as a microscope for that study. Henry James's understanding of women encircled almost wholly their dealings with doilies and their parlor conversations with men in the thick hours after lunch. William Dean Howells practiced a similar, precise irrelevance. In Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, Hurstwood sticks in the memory, not Sister Carrie. In *Jennie Gerhardt* a social situation holds the attention rather than the portrayal of men and women. Dreiser's women, unlike his men, want the stuff of enduring remembrance. Compare *Twelve Men* with *A Gallery of Women*. The first breathes, smells, and lives; the second embarrasses. In the case of Sinclair Lewis, his Leora Arrowsmith, when put beside Mildred in *Of Human Bondage*, vanishes. So with his more successful Fran Dodsworth, who does not reach the heights and depths of Miriam in *Sons and Lovers*. Sherwood Anderson has never described a woman who truly resembles the women of everyday life. Cabell's vacuous fables and fatuous parables can barely be read today. Catherine Barclay, in Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, is more a womanly mood than a woman.

Willa Cather presents a special problem. When one thinks of her chief characters one instantly thinks of women — Alexandra Bergson in *O Pioneers!*, Thea Kronburg in *Song of the Lark*, Antonia Shimerda in *My Antonia*, and Mrs. Forrester in *A Lost Lady*. All these women, despite the lavish art Miss Cather devotes to the portrayal of them, somehow seem to be shadow women, shadows of their geographical environments and personal

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complexities, not universal types who transcend time and place. Perhaps Miss Cather's own womanhood has something to do with this failure, for it seems to be a rule of the creative imagination that memorable woman characters must come from men.

This, roughly, forms the modest record our fiction writers have made with their woman characters. Not a single one who even remotely approaches the size and inclusive truth of Anna Karenina, Emma Bovary, Nana, and Esther Waters. Perhaps this fact offers only another proof of our cultural immaturity, for the magnitude of a literature can generally be judged by the number of unforgettable women it has produced.

OUR LACK of them brings to mind two other features in American fiction, namely, that the minor characters in our novels seem to live more vividly than the major ones, and that our short stories somehow have greater size than our prose works in the larger form. Even in Melville's *Moby Dick* Quequeg sticks in the mind as a more complete figure than Captain Ahab. In *Sister Carrie* Lola Osborne, Carrie's chorus-girl friend, depicted in swift, sharp strokes, has more fullness than Sister Carrie herself, and in some respects than Hurstwood. In *Jennie Gerhardt* Jennie's father comes out a more impressive person than either Jennie or the Senator. In Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* Bea Sorgensen achieves greater life-likeness than Carol, and in *Babbitt* one has the feeling that Lewis knows more about the Woman in Blue than about Babbitt. In *Dodsworth* Edith Cartwright, artistically speaking, lords it over both Sam and Fran. In Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady* Mrs. Beasley, the telephone operator, leaps to the mind more quickly and stays there perhaps more firmly than the heroine, Marian Forrester.

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We seem to lack the imaginative persistence it takes to build a character on a large scale. Apparently we suffer from intellectual asthma and feel more at home creatively in the shorter forms of prose fiction. Hence our greater success with accessory people in novels. Hence our greater number of good short stories. Our novelists generally turn out to be overambitious short-story writers. Dreiser never wrote anything as good as *Twelve Men* or *Free and Other Stories*. Sherwood Anderson has never equaled, in the field of the novel, such stories as *I'm A Fool* and *I Want to Know Why*. The one book of Miss Cather's that probably has the best chance of a long life, *A Lost Lady*, must be called a longish short story. The same holds true for Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*. In our own day consider the cases of Thomas Wolfe and Ruth Suckow, to pick two names at random. Mr. Wolfe could not improve upon his excellent short character study, *The Portrait of Bascom Hawke*, and Miss Suckow's novel, *The Folks*, lacks the quality of *Uprooted*, *A Golden Wedding*, and *Eminence*, all short stories. As for Hemingway, he first achieved fame as a short story writer and probably will end as one. It must not be forgotten that the high mark in *A Farewell to Arms*, the last chapter, forms an integral short story.

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A Story of a Run Home
That was Never
Recorded in a Log Book

# That I May Help—

PAUL HYDE BONNER

ALMOST BEFORE his feet had left the barge, Bennett had heard the news. By the time he had reached the United Services Club it was an old story. When young Leveson rushed in, bristling with details, he waived him aside with a "yes, yes, I know." After all, what difference did it make? Warrender might be a capital C.O., but the ship could make Plymouth without him. Any kid with the milk of Dartmouth still on his lips could take the *Miraculous* from Alexandria to the channel without bumping into Malta or the Rock. And, once they were home, once their feet clicked on the stone of Portsmouth Yard, there would be a surfeit of Captains.

Commander Bennett walked quickly through the lounge, eyes down, hoping no one would greet him, and stepped out onto the canopied verandah. Finding it unoccupied, he selected the shadiest chair by the shadiest table. October in Alexandria can be as hot and muggy as Singapore in July. The flowers in the garden below hung listlessly in the bright sun. The lawn, the oleanders, the palms, had all lost their emerald. The combination of sun and hot desert air had toasted their chlorophyll to a discouraged, muddy green. He tapped the bell on the table. A white-robed, red-sashed Nubian in heelless



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slippers shuffled out from the pantry door and handed him a menu. Bennett read it without appetite or enthusiam. He had sneaked off for an early lunch, not to appease a hunger, but to be alone with his thoughts. He ordered cold lamb and a bottle of beer.

Now that he was quite alone he could admit to himself that his desire for silent meditation was a subterfuge for fondling a hope. The fact that Captain Warrender had been suddenly and unexpectantly relieved of his command opened up a delightful path of speculation. He liked Warrender, and, what is more, admired and respected him as an able and efficient officer. He felt that whatever reason the Admiralty had for transferring him from ship to shore duty in the middle of a voyage was complimentary. The job must be an important one that needed judgment and tact. But no man, after three years in the Orient, likes to be pulled out of his homeward journey. On this count he felt sorry for his superior, but not too sorry. There was a legend on the reverse of the medal which dazzled him. It read, "Bennett is the next in command." And that was the hope he wished to be alone with, the hope of sailing into Plymouth Sound in command of the *Miraculous*. To bring her in smartly, that would be a feather in his cap. A good report from the Admiral Commandant of the Dock Yard and the Acting Captain would soon be Captain, with another band of thin gold on his sleeve. The cold cutlets tasted better than he expected.

He had all but finished, and was dreaming of a short London leave, when Captain Warrender came out on the verandah.

"You've heard, I suppose," Warrender remarked, as he drew up a chair.

"Five separate times," Bennett said.

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"Quite. Odd how news travels."

"Not as odd as you'd think. They've nothing else to talk about."

"The orders were waiting for me. I'm to do some sort of job here. Rum, isn't it?"

"Not getting home?"

"Yes."

"I suppose so, but on the other hand it's a tribute."

"I can dispense with tributes, thank you. Right now I'd trade all the kudos in the navy for a fortnight in London."

"I don't suppose you've heard who is to take the ship back." Bennett angled, hopefully.

"A chap named Russell, I believe. You know him, of course. Next on the list for Rear Admiral."

"The one that had the *Glory* in China?"

"Quite. They dropped him off here three months ago with a bad touch of fever. Almost dipped his flag. The doctors only gave him a clean bill of health last week. Still pretty shaky, they tell me."

Bennett tried manfully to hide his deflation. "Why didn't they give him leave, so that he could travel home like a gentleman?" he asked.

"It seems he didn't want his leave now — not until he reached England — so they're letting him take the *Miraculous* home. Matter of money, I guess."

"Let the Navy pay your travel, eh?"

"Not a bad idea — these days." There was a pause.

"We'll miss you," Bennett said.

Warrender smiled. "Don't be a damned fool, you and that lot of mad comedians are going home!"

They shook hands. And that, for such is the service, was the last that Commander Bennett saw of Captain Warrender for some years.

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ON THE FOLLOWING DAY at noon Captain Russell took over the ship. Bennett, being the senior officer on board, went into the barge to fetch him. The meeting was formal and perfunctory. The Captain exhibited no particular evidences of his recent illness, at least, not to anyone who had not known him before. The sallow, translucent skin on his thin face was to be expected of any man who had served a long stretch in the Orient. The slight slope of his shoulders was usual in tall men who spend their lives between decks, bobbing through narrow bulkhead doors. The eyes alone had a quality which might be attributed to fever-ridden days. They were black and luminous, like polished onyx, and mercilessly restless. He had little to say, either in the barge, or during the inspection of the *Miraculous*, which he performed with minute thoroughness. At tea in the wardroom (Russell had ordered tea in his own quarters), Bennett agreed with Graves and Harringer that he seemed a typical old-school sailor, a species they liked and found more agreeable at sea than the more modern kind, who were apt to be garrulous and stuffed with dull anecdotes. Something about him made them certain that he would give them a swift, efficient run home, which was all they asked.

On the dot of seven-thirty they weighed anchor and steamed out of the new harbor into a hot, calm Mediterranean. Dinner was at eight, and the entire staff, with the exception of Mr. Colford who had the bridge, reported a few minutes earlier for cocktails. Captain Russell took sherry. Bennett noticed that he raised the full glass to his lips with difficulty, his right hand shook so violently that he had to steady it with his left. Nerves shot, Bennett thought. The Captain rarely spoke during dinner. When he did, it was to answer some question

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politely, but monosyllabically. The effect of his silence acted as a dampener on the usually ebullient spirits of Graves and Leveson. Across the Persian Gulf and up the Red Sea the intense, humid heat had been bearable during meals because of the ragging of this pair. Warrender had allowed them free swing, finding their humor an amusing distraction. But there was something about the bright, shifting eyes of Russell which quieted them now. They talked shop reluctantly, in low, bored voices.

By the time coffee was served the conversation had become more general, though hardly less strained. Russell still held aloof. Two of the younger men at the lower end of the table had started a literary argument which had spread in a desultory way to the upper ranks. It concerned the relative merits of Rudyard Kipling and H. G. Wells, and Bennett, who was no amateur of letters, was surprised to find himself defending the Anglo-Indian against the Cockney. He was in the middle of a halting and inarticulate appraisal of *Kim*, when to his relief, he was interrupted by the Captain.

"In my opinion," Russell said rather humbly, "he was a far greater poet than novelist."

"Fancy that!" Leveson exclaimed, having never graduated from E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Russell went on as if he had not heard the comment. "Take, for example, his *Dedication*. You remember it, of course."

This was addressed to Bennett. Then he began to recite in a soft, deeply emotional voice. They all looked at him as he sat leaning slightly forward, his clasped hands resting on the edge of the table, his eyes, motionless at last, gazing fixedly at the wardroom lamp. The low quavering of his voice hypnotized them. It was the spell of the man, rather than the beauty of the words.

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*"Take not that vision from my ken —*
*O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed.*
*Help me to need no aid from men,*
*That I may help such men as need!"*

There was a dead silence when he finished. No one moved but Captain Russell himself. He arose slowly, still gazing at the lamp, said a short "good-night, gentlemen," and walked out. The silence continued for some time, each one wondering if the other had seen those tears on the Captain's cheek.

His brisk efficiency on the following day soon allayed any tendency on the part of his officers to brand him as "an odd one." Graves summed it up at tea when he said, "That claret was a bit heady for a chap who has just come out of the sick bay." The explanation seemed adequate enough. They dismissed the incident. Actually, they felt rather sorry for him. The fact that he ceased to join them in the wardroom, but had his meals served in his own quarters, seemed evidence that he realized that he had made an ass of himself. His manner, too, became almost apologetic. There was a distinctly courteous tone to his low voice when he delivered orders. But he avoided all other forms of conversation. On the bridge he would stand by himself, looking out to sea with a weary, preoccupied expression.

THEY PASSED MALTA at dusk. Russell signaled his respects, and the Fleet Admiral gave a confirmation of their order to proceed without stopping. Twenty-four hours later the peak of Gibraltar was sighted, deep rose in the setting sun. The Captain had radioed ahead to say that the *Miraculous* would put in long enough to take on fresh water and additional food for the crew's mess. There was to be no shore leave.

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He brought the ship into the inner harbor in perfect style, giving his short orders to the wheel with exactly timed precision. The Commandant signaled the anchorage, and the *Miraculous* dropped her anchor in the indicated area as neatly as an automobile coming to rest in a parking space. While the chains were still noisily rushing out, Russell turned to Bennett and said, "You will accompany me on a call to Admiral Wemyss."

The Admiral was obviously an old friend. He knew all about the fever and seemed genuinely shocked when he saw Russell. It was Bennett's first intimation that the sallow, furtive look was not normal to the man, and his sympathy for him deepened. The Admiral was bent on cheering up his convalescent friend. He chatted gaily of earlier days in the service, chuckling over memories of midshipman escapades in which, it appeared, Russell had been the leading spirit. The Captain made a brave effort to react to his superior's bluff heartiness, but there was no conviction behind it. His smile was forced. He was patently uneasy and bored. Bennett sensed that he was impatiently waiting for the moment when the call could be gracefully terminated. The moment came soon enough. The Admiral invited them both to dine with him, at which Russell jumped to his feet, begged off on some incoherent pretext, and said good-bye. As they left, the Admiral pulled Bennett aside and whispered to him. "Keep an eye on Jim," he said. "He's not himself yet." Bennett smiled assurance, but he had no inner misgivings. He had seen the Captain maneuver the ship into the tricky harbor and he was convinced that, in spite of his fine-drawn look, he was fit enough to take the ship back to China, *via* the Horn.

After rounding Cape Finisterre they ran into typical Biscay weather. White duck was replaced by blue broad-

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cloth and lockers were ransacked for peajackets and slickers. The hot sirroco of Africa was exchanged for an equinoctial gale from the North Atlantic. The Captain's pallor was more marked than ever in the gray light of scurrying clouds. The *Miraculous* took a pounding in the heavy seas, but the speed was not decreased by one knot.

Harringer politely suggested slowing up a bit to avoid rudder strain. Russell never answered him. His eyes flitted across the horizon of scudding waves as he pretended not to hear. Harringer refrained from pressing the point. Instead, he walked gingerly aft to have a look around. As he emerged from the deck house, he collided with Bennett who was tossed into his arms by a violent sea.

"The old man's in a hurry," Harringer said with a frown.

"You can't blame him," Bennett said, and slid past Harringer, into the depths of the ship.

It was on Thursday that the Captain sent a message to Plymouth Yard that they would arrive at about noon on Saturday. They all knew what that meant: he was determined to push ahead, in spite of wind or weather. No one minded but Harringer, who continued to worry about his precious rudder. They had, the lot of them, been away for so long that a few bumps on the final run could be taken without complaint. Let her ride, she was a good sea ship!

By Friday they were beating up to Ushant, with the gale still pounding on their port bow. Throughout the day the wind was merciless, piling the gray seas into crested tops that washed the decks, nor did it abate towards evening, which meant that it was setting for a bad night.

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But no one cared; they knew that dawn, no matter how stormy, would bring them the welcome cliffs of Devon. Bennett, who had the midnight watch, went to bed at eight.

He wanted all the rest he could get before the excitement of setting foot once more on the soil of his England. He could not sleep; no sailor ever can on that last stretch. The night before reaching home is always his *nuit blanche*. The ship tossed him in his bunk while he thought and planned. His leave had been applied for. Would it be waiting for him so that he could catch the six o'clock train for London? Would anyone be in town on a Sunday morning? Probably everyone he knew would be away in the country, golfing, shooting, hunting. He might send Allardyce a wire.

There was a dull thud, as if the bow had collided with a wall of green water. The ship shivered, then settled back. The force of the impact had almost thrown Bennett from his bunk. That one smashed her all right, he thought, then he chuckled as he pictured poor Harringer weeping for his rudder. He switched on the light. It was eleven thirty. In fifteen minutes he would have to dress anyway, and sleep was out of the question. As his feet swung out of the covers and on to the deck, he stopped. An instinctive curiosity made him count the pulsations of the engine. They were regular, and at full speed. Satisfied, he started slowly to dress.

He was lacing his shoes when Leveson came in. The young man's face was bright with excitement.

"Did you feel that jolt?" he asked.

"You mean that one about ten minutes ago?" Bennett said.

"Yes, the heavy one. . . ."

"It didn't break Harringer's dainty rudder, did it?"

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"We hit something!" Leveson shouted.

Bennett looked up at the boy's flushed face and smiled. "My dear Leveson, you should know by this time that the channel is filled with large quantities of salt water, which one is bound to hit sooner or later."

Leveson was frantic. "I'm not pulling your leg, sir, really I'm not! We're only making ten knots. It's stuck on the bow!"

Bennett straightened his back. "*What* is stuck on the bow?"

"Something—" the boy gasped, "something that stinks to heaven!"

Bennett flung on his slicker and followed Leveson forward. When they reached the deck, Bennett took a deep breath and staggered. A sickly, putrid stench was being blown at them by a forty-mile wind. It was overpowering, nauseating. They struggled forward on the slippery deck, past the fore turret, past the anchor winches. Under the faint, rain-streaked rays of the fore running light a little knot of men was visible. They were hanging on to the rail, peering over the stem at the dark boiling sea. Bennett could make out Mr. Graves and the Quartermaster.

"What is it, Graves?" Bennett shouted.

Graves turned his head and squinted into the darkness to see who had called him. "I can't make out, sir," he yelled finally, "but I've sent for a landing light to hang over the side."

"Whatever it is, it has been dead for a fortnight," Bennett said to Leveson.

"At least!" Leveson said.

Then one of the sailors yelled, "It's a whale! There's his flukes, sir!"

Bennett started to move forward to the rail, so that he

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could see where the sailor was pointing, but a figure moved into his path. He stopped. It was Captain Russell. It was apparent, even in the dim light, that he had flung a coat over his pyjamas. His hatless head was dripping with salt spray.

"Is that you, Bennett?" the Captain asked. His voice cracked out like a machine gun over the roaring winch.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Leveson called me to. . . ."

"We hit him?" Russell interrupted.

"I believe so — about a quarter of an hour ago."

"And he's still there?"

"Hanging on the stem. We're only making ten knots at full speed."

"Good God!"

"I'm going to swing about, head her to leeward, then reverse the engines. The sea will carry it off."

"What's that?" yelled the Captain. "What's that you're going to do?"

"Try to make the sea help us to get rid of the putrid thing."

"And leave him adrift?"

"If I can."

Captain Russell stepped closer to Bennett. His eyes, catching a reflection from the running light, were like glowing coals. For a moment his lips moved without sound, as if he were reciting a prayer, then his voice suddenly pierced the wind, creaking and falsetto. "Bennett, I'm amazed at you! This is the Royal Navy, not a Chinese junk! An officer and a gentleman would not turn him loose to die!"

"My God!" Bennett gasped, "Can't you smell him, sir? He's been. . . ."

"He's sick, you fool!" Russell shrieked. "Go to the bridge!"

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BENNETT SALUTED and struggled aft. The wind pushed him along, carrying with it the stink and the weird piping voice of the Captain ordering everyone back to quarters. As he passed an anti-aircraft gun, he touched the cold metal of the sights, just to make sure that he was not dreaming. There was so little sense, so little that could be attached to reality, in all that had happened since Leveson had entered his cabin, that he wondered if he had not dozed off in the middle of his shooting speculations. But the brass was cold and damp to his fingers. It was true, and it was preposterous! The helmsman, with a handkerchief tied across his nose, turned and looked hopefully at him as he entered the wheelhouse. He ignored the look and set to work checking the course. He did it mechanically, his mind in a groping turmoil. He grabbed at one swift-passing thought and held it — the old man was drunk. That would account for it, and the meals he had taken alone in his cabin. Yes, that *must* be it.

He walked to the window and turned on the centrifugal wiper that cleaned the glass of spray. He could see the bow, empty now of men, dip sharply and then disappear in a dense shower of spray. He waited, watching. It rose, slowly at first, then faster, as if to meet the descending spray which splashed on the deck and ran swiftly aft in a myriad of little rivers. At the top of the rise the bow hung, quivering, and then Bennett saw a tall, bent, hatless figure clinging to the handrail on the wall of the fore-turret. As he watched, the figure started aft in a lurching, unseamanlike stride, until it was lost to view below the bridge.

"'Adn't we better swing 'er about, sir?" the sailor at the wheel asked.

"Captain's orders are to keep the course," Bennett replied sharply.

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The vision of that unsteady figure staggering down the deck, helped to convince him that his explanation of drunkenness was correct. Admiral Wemyss had been right after all, Russell was still weak and a bundle of raw nerves, and the only way he was able to face the responsibility of handling the ship in his condition was to fortify himself with alcohol. During the day he consumed just enough to make him appear controlled and executive, but tonight this whale business had caught him off guard, at a moment when he had steeped himself in order to fight off insomnia. It was a pity that he had had to disclose his hand, but he was lucky, Bennett thought, that it was not Colford's or Hambro's watch. They were the sort who were sticklers and might make an issue of it. That was the way with intolerant, pusilanimous men. But he had no intention of reporting the orders of a poor, sick invalid who could not even afford to buy his passage home on a P. & O. liner.

The smell was overpowering, even there in the wheelhouse with everything closed, but he could stand it for four hours — less if they were lucky — without soiling the logbook with any accounts of sick whales that had to be rescued. He would have to remember to tell Graves and Leveson to keep their traps shut. They were good fellows, good drinkers, who would understand. He wondered if the old man had turned in to sleep it off. He half expected to hear his uncertain footsteps in the chartroom, snooping around to see if his alcoholic orders were being obeyed. Drunks, he thought, are apt to be persistent and suspicious.

He walked over to the door of the chartroom and looked in. It was empty. He turned to the sailor at the wheel.

"Ease her over about five points East," he said.

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"Aye, aye, sir," the sailor piped cheerfully and swung the wheel over hard.

"Easy on, there!" Bennett cautioned. "Do it gently, for God's sake!"

Bennett went back to the circle of spinning glass and peered out into the night. He could see by the white crests that the ship had already responded. They were breaking now well off the port side and the pitch had been replaced by a quick, heaving roll. This might fetch him, he thought.

"Hold her right on that point until I get back," he said to the helmsman. "I'm going forward to see how things are."

He put on his slicker, took an electric torch from the chartroom, and went down to the main deck. The severe roll made his progress forward as halting as the Captain's. Beyond the anchor winches he went hand over hand along the rail. On one dip the sea broke over the gunwale, almost tearing him loose, but he hung on, drenched to the skin. When he reached the stem, he waited until the ship bent to starboard, then he leaned over the side and squirted the light of the torch down onto the gray steel plates.

A huge gray belly, like the stern of a submarine, was rolling in the wash. For an instant he could see a great gash of red flesh where the prow had buried itself into the rotting hulk. Something hit his knees. He looked down. The tip of a great fluke, like a sheet of shining patent leather, was flapping against the rail. Then all was lost to view as the ship rolled back, and Bennett, for the first time since his midshipman days, was actively sick to his stomach.

Back in the chartroom he took a hooker of neat brandy before taking off his slicker and his soaking

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jacket. He mopped himself up as best he could and walked out to the wheelhouse.

"Back to the old course — five points North," he said to the sailor.

The sailor turned to him. "But he ain't off yet, sir. I can still smell him."

"No, and he won't come off unless we back into the wind, so back you go, smartly now."

The sailor turned the wheel counterclockwise slowly, as slowly as he could without receiving a reprimand. Bennett watched him until the compass reading was correct, then he went back to the chartroom and sat down. There was nothing to do for the remaining three hours and a half but stick it. He thought of sending down to the wardroom galley for a cup of tea, but he decided that his stomach had better sit the vigil through unencumbered.

At five minutes to four Leveson stumbled sleepily into the room, buttoning his jacket. He stared at Bennett.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "What's happened to you? Been for a swim?"

"A wave caught me when I was on deck. See here, did you hear the old man's orders?"

"How could I miss 'em. He yelled them loud enough, didn't he?" Leveson sniffed. "Don't tell me the body's still with us!"

"I eased the ship to port and tried to get rid of it, but I couldn't. Nothing short of reversing to windward would do it. The stem's six feet into its belly."

"Why didn't you reverse?"

"You heard the orders."

"But, man dear. . . ."

"Listen, Leveson, you and I know that he was tight and not responsible for what he said, but that's no reason

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to disobey a command. This stink will have him up here at the crack of dawn, then he can do his own reversing."

"And I have to breathe this wretched perfume for four bloody hours?"

"Just the way I did." Bennett gathered his wet clothes and went to the door. "By the way, you will find no mention of aquatic mammals in the logbook, and there will be no need for you to add it in your priceless prose."

"Are we to protect this aged alcoholic from. . . ."

"You'll be one yourself soon enough. We drinking men must stick together. Good-night, and if that ass Graves relieves you before the old man appears, tell him to keep his bloody face shut."

"Good-night, Sir Galahad, I shall do as you say."

AT EIGHT the next morning Bennett was awakened by his own coughing. He spluttered and opened his eyes. The sickening odor that greeted his first conscious breath reminded him of all that had transpired. He was more than surprised to discover that the smell was still with them at this hour. He could hardly believe that the Captain had not yet appeared. If he had, he argued to himself, the whale would not be still on the bow, so it must be that he overslept due to over-indulgence. Then he remembered that this was the hour at which Graves relieved Leveson. That was even more disturbing. He could not trust Graves to be anything but pompous, and certainly not to heed any advice or instructions from Leveson, who was his junior. It was a five to four bet that he would write the whole story in the logbook, not excluding the fact that Commander Bennett had neglected to note the occurrences at the time of their happening. He decided that he had better get to the bridge as quickly as possible.

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He ran into Graves at the foot of the companionway that led to the bridge and the Captain's quarters. Graves was a stocky little fellow, with a red face and small blue eyes set too close together. He took himself, and everything connected with his duties, with oppressive seriousness. When he saw Bennett approaching, he stopped and frowned.

"What is this beastly comedy, anyway?" he asked testily.

"Please make yourself clear, Graves," Bennett said sharply. He disliked the man.

"When I took over from Leveson, I found the Captain already on the bridge. I suggested at once that we rid the ship of that dead fish. For my pains I got a most proper dressing down, told to behave like a man! He's drunk, that's what's the matter with him! And it's a disgrace to the Royal Navy."

"I advise you to keep your thoughts to yourself. What you have just said is a very serious offense at sea." Bennett's voice was colder than his inner misgivings.

"But I say!"

"You heard what I said. I want no mutinous talk from you in the wardroom. If you have any complaints to make, the place is provided at the Royal Dock Yards."

"Very good, sir," Graves snapped, then saluted and walked quickly aft.

Bennett climbed to the bridge and found the Captain, dressed in an ill-fitting shore uniform, gazing fixedly out to sea. He acknowledged Bennett's good-morning with the barest nod. There was a long silence during which Bennett appeared to busy himself with compass and course, while in reality he was studying Russell. He could discover no evidence to satisfy his hope of inebriacy. The hand that raised the binoculars was steady, the eyes that

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looked through them were without the telltale tracings of inflamed veins. The sallow, stretched skin was perhaps more putty-like, but that could more easily be attributed to fatigue than liquor, or, which was even more probable, it might be the effect of breathing those reeking fumes for eight hours. Bennett, judging from the sensations of his stomach, imagined that his own face had the same pallor.

Although the wind had abated, it was still from the same quarter, and every part of the ship was permeated with a sick-sweet odor. Bennett did not need to see the waving tip of that patent leather fluke to know that the whale was still with them. He tried to analyze the problem with calm detachment. It was increasingly evident that, sooner or later, he would be called upon to initiate a course of action. He must weigh the facts carefully so that whatever course he finally decided to adopt would be free from censure or discipline. He realized only too well that this was not the moment in his career when he could afford to be caught out. Promotion was imminent, and the slightest mistake at this point might swing the scales against him.

He added up the facts before him: a dead whale was hanging on the bow, endangering the health and morale of everyone on board; Captain Russell had explicitly ordered that no attempt be made to remove it; those orders had been carried out on the previous night because of the assumption that the Captain was under the influence of liquor. Now, eight hours later, the Captain appeared to be in full command of his faculties, and yet had not signified his willingness to countermand the orders of the previous night. Those were the facts. What conclusions could he draw from them? Once again he thought of Admiral Wemyss. "He's not himself yet," the

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Admiral had said. He felt that the answer lay vaguely in that direction — a temporary insanity, a prostration, a neurosis, some pathological circumstance.

Very good. Suppose he was right, what then should he do? What was the rule under such circumstances? Obviously he should take over the command, order Captain Russell to the sick bay, under the care of Dr. Quenlin, and remove the carcass from the bow at once. But, on the other hand, suppose that he was wrong, and that the Captain could prove that he was of sound mind and acting according to his own curious judgment, then such action would put him nicely in line for an accusation of mutiny at sea. Besides, had not Wemyss said also, "Keep an eye on Jim." They were, after all, within a few hours of port, and what harm could a dead whale do aside from raising a stink in Plymouth sound? It could always be argued later that it was stuck too fast to be removed without aid from another ship.

None of these arguments helped his peace of mind. He decided to have another try at the Captain.

"He seems to be properly fastened to us," he said.

"Eh? What's that?" the Captain said, jerking his head around to Bennett.

"The whale — he seems properly stuck."

"Tragic! Ghastly!" Russell murmured.

"Might I suggest that. . . ."

"See here, Bennett," Russell interrupted, "at this speed we shan't be in before half past five. You might send a message to the Dock Yard to that effect. Good God, I hope we're in time!"

"Shall I mention the circumstances?"

"Eh? Oh, just add, 'owing to an accident.'"

"Very good."

"And, I say, Bennett, I am excusing your behavior of

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last evening on the theory that the shock of this came too soon after your awakening."

BENNETT WENT into the chartroom and wrote out the message. It was clear to him now that, whatever the Captain's attitude proved, it was consistent. Drunk or sober, crazy or sane, the man was pursuing a deliberate, premeditated course. This knowledge, however, held no grains of reassurance. It still left him with no answer to the question of his own duty. He handed the message to a Royal Marine and descended to the wardroom. He felt the need of strong coffee and a pipe of tobacco.

He found Graves and Harringer eating their breakfast. Harringer greeted him, but Graves never raised his eyes. It was obvious that he was still stewing with resentment. Bennett took a seat at the long table and ordered coffee. Harringer cleared his throat.

"I say, Bennett," Harringer said, "what do you make of this?"

"A bloody bad smell," Bennett replied.

"But you're not going to let him push this thing into Plymouth. . . ."

"Not going to let him!" Bennett exclaimed. "My dear fellow, don't talk nonsense. It's his ship. What can I do?"

"Let Quenlin examine him," Graves grumbled.

"Isn't there some law?" Harringer asked.

"Maybe there is," Bennett replied, irritably, "I haven't looked it up. I don't happen to fancy Admiralty Courts and public scandals."

"What about stinking whales?" Graves grunted.

Bennett ignored the question. There was a long moment of uneasy silence before Harringer again cleared his throat.

"May I say," he said, "on behalf of all of us, that

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whatever action you decide to take, we shall stand solidly behind you."

Bennett was about to express his gratitude when he thought of the grim, haunted face on the bridge. "I intend to obey orders," he snapped.

The cliffs of Devonshire fringed the horizon when Bennett stepped out on the bridge, but he scarcely noticed them. The dreadful air, and the hot turmoil of his own thoughts, were a barrier to any emotion of home-coming. The Captain had not moved from his post on the port side. The cords of his neck protruded rigidly from his bent shoulders, like steel rods needed to hold his head in place. His collar and his uniform seemed at least two sizes too large for him. His eyes were fixed on the distant land in an expression of tense, desperate anxiety.

A horrible hour dragged before they reached Rame Head. Silence danced in the fetid sunshine. Russell gave no sign that he was aware of Bennett's presence. It was not until they approached Penlee Point that he spoke without turning his head.

"Bennett," he ordered, "prepare to signal Folly Tower Battery."

The ship's course was close in to the Point. As they rounded it, he spoke again. "Signal ready?"

"Signal ready, sir," Bennett answered.

"Send this message," Russell commanded. " '*Miraculous* from Alexandria. Will anchor in Sound off Drake's Island. Notify Yard hospital to rush all available doctors and five hundred blankets. Urgent. Russell.' "

Bennett's heart missed a beat. This was the moment to act. He had to decide quickly, irrevocably. The knowledge that on his next act his career depended froze his will like a nightmare.

"Did you hear me, Bennett?" Russell asked.

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"Yes, sir," Bennett replied automatically. He repeated the message over the telephone to the mast. The words came out mechanically. He no longer knew or cared what they meant. The stinking silence continued its dance. The ship steamed slowly past Lugger's Grotto, the flukes of the dead whale flapping rhythmically against the side plates. The telephone buzzed, and Bennett picked up the receiver. A voice said, "The following message signaled from the Battery: 'His Majesty's Dockyard, Devonport. What need for doctors and blankets? Edgecombe.'" He turned to the Captain and repeated it in a precise, toneless voice.

For the first time since he had arrived on the bridge the Captain moved. His head turned to starboard, and Bennett could see those bright, mad eyes shift past him and settle on the little fort above them. Russell gave it one quick, appealing glance, then bowed his head and covered his face with a trembling, claw-like hand. There was a faint cry. It might have come from one of the mass of screaming gulls that hovered over the dainty morsel on the bow, but Bennett, later, swore it was a sob. When the Captain spoke, it was with great difficulty. The words seemed to catch in his scrawny neck.

"Send this reply, Bennett," he said; "'*Miraculous.* Doctors for patient and blankets to keep him warm if any life left in him.' Hurry, for God's sake. Russell."

When Bennett finished telephoning the message, he saw that Russell had disappeared. He found him later in the chartroom. He was kneeling on the deck with clasped hands, his lips mumbling a prayer, his mad eyes glistening with tears. The picture created an instantaneous reaction in Bennett's mind. He went back to the bridge, closing the door softly behind him. His first act of command was to send for Quenlin, the ship's doctor.

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Continental Condescension
toward us Is Unjustified.

# On Judging America

*By* CHARLES PERGLER

MUCH WATER has flowed under the bridge since Lowell wrote his famous essay *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*, but occasionally it can be seen that this condescension has not entirely disappeared. At times it is encouraged by a certain type of American who still thinks that culturally the United States remains a European colony.

Those critical of America, usually without any adequate knowledge of the country, frequently talk of the alleged provincialism of the average American. If, for instance, an American does not happen to know what is the capital of some relatively small European country, or the names of its functionaries, the fact has been pointed out as a sign of unpardonable ignorance. Without claiming that all Americans know what is desirable to be known, I have often wondered whether occasionally the shoe should not be placed on the other foot, whether it is not a legitimate question to ask, What do other peoples know of America? One would expect them to be interested, for America is admittedly the greatest and most powerful State of the present-day world.

One of the striking things frequently found in the European press, and not only in the totalitarian countries, is a complete misunderstanding of the position of



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the President under the Constitution and his duties as a political leader. Following the election of 1936, with the overwhelming victory of President Roosevelt, a question was raised whether the results were not an indication that there is arising in the United States what may be called the Führer principle. This thought finds expression even now despite the reverses of 1938 and despite the continued popularity of the President. In other words, Europeans apply to the United States their own measuring rod. They fail to distinguish between democratic leaders and authoritarian dictators. The American people, when in their opinion times require it, have demanded constructive leadership, and the great Presidents have been leaders. They have been, however, elected leaders, and it is a far cry from democratically chosen leaders to European dictators, not one of whom would dare submit himself to the choice of the nation exercising secret and free suffrage.

This failure properly to understand America has already resulted in considerable damage to the cause of international good will. Every now and then one hears reproaches that America repudiated the treaties negotiated at the Peace Conference in 1919. Without going into the merits of the League of Nations controversy, the statesmen in Paris were told that no treaty exists or can exist for the United States unless approved by two-thirds of the Senate. To complain of repudiation because the Senate exercised its constitutional function, entrusted to it by the American people, is a confession of ignorance. It does not lie in the mouth of any actual or alleged statesman to plead ignorance of the public law of the country with whose representatives he is negotiating, and certainly not that branch of public law dealing with the treaty-making power.

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The question of so-called war debts to the United States just now is dormant, and here again I do not intend to deal with the merits of the problem, *i.e.*, whether it is desirable that they be cancelled or not. It has always been clear to me, however, that politically and diplomatically Europe's approach to the problem left much to be desired. Only too many of those concerned seemed to proceed on the theory that all America is Wall Street, as it is sometimes popularly visualized. The great body of American tax payers was never thought of. Certainly no adequate attempt was made to convince the American people that cancellation would be beneficial to them as creditors in the long run. That Americans, like all other nations, are mostly hard working people does not seem to have occurred to many a gentleman allegedly expert in international matters. This led to unwise, even offensive, attacks in the press, which contributed to international friction.

In the long run, and sometimes in a run not so very long, public opinion determines American political policies, domestic as well as external, as it must do in any democracy. The diplomat, politician or statesman is lost who does not bear in mind, and act upon the realization, that dinner table talk in Washington seldom, if ever, conveys a true picture of the state of the American collective mind. I have always admired the action of a former South American Ambassador who for a season went on the Chautauqua platform in order to learn at first-hand the attitude of the American masses. Again, such Ambassadors as Bryce and Jusserand have rendered great service not only to their countries, but to the United States as well, because they made a thorough study of conditions here. Of course, foreign offices do not always like that, and occasionally they have resented being told that prob-

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lems concerning America cannot be handled solely by diplomatic negotiations. In at least one case a foreign office charged its diplomat with having become too "Americanized" because he warned against a certain procedure.

Occasionally mistakes made by statesmen even in public print are so ludicrous as to justify finding a place for them in the comic journals. Not so long ago one of them, of a fairly wide propaganda-made reputation, chided an American President with the awful crime of reading detective novels for relaxation, and held himself up as an example by saying that when he seeks relaxation he reads historical novels, such as Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which, said he to the American interviewer, "is a history of your South before the Civil War." Another official of equal, if also artificially created prominence, in an article of January 1, 1931, discussed the gains for world peace and rejoiced in the establishment of the Pan-American Union at the Congress of Havana — in 1928. This gentleman, an alleged international expert, was blissfully ignorant of the history of the Pan-American movement and of the founding of the Pan-American Union long before 1928. Again, a European text-book on international law insists that Great Britain "extended her sway over Canada despite the Monroe Doctrine," the learned professor being completely unaware of the Treaty of Paris of 1763 and of the period which called forth the Monroe Doctrine.

WHAT ABOUT our own knowledge of the world? I am ready to assert without fear of successful contradiction that international affairs are studied in the United States more extensively and intensively than anywhere else. In most countries foreign affairs are left to specialists. Here

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there is hardly a college worthy of the name that does not offer courses in international relations. Clubs and various other organizations devote much time to international affairs. There are several excellent publications dealing with foreign problems. The foreign services of the American press are much more ample than what we see on the Continent, and immensely more impartial. The Continental press, on the whole, reported the Spanish occurrences in accordance with the party allegiance of the respective papers, the result being that the American public was much better informed, because there are limits to one-sided reporting beyond which no American publisher would dare to go.

That brings us to another charge frequently made against America, namely, the sensationalism of the press. During my last stay in Europe one of the most interesting phenomena to be observed was the growth, even in Central Europe, of what is known as the "boulevard press," which to an extent is an imitation of a certain type of American newspaper, particularly with regard to typographical make-up and brevity of news. Is not imitation the sincerest form of flattery? The difference is, however, that not even the most sensational American newspaper would print the sort of stuff that appears at times in a number of European publications, matter that may be necessarily at times disclosed in a court room, but which, decency requires, in print should be described with some delicacy. That is not hypocrisy, but simply observing certain amenities of civilized life.

On the political side the difference between the Continental and the American press, with a few exceptions, is this: America has newspapers, Continental Europe party organs. Even the most vigorous partisan paper in the United States does not dare to suppress completely a

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pronouncement of an important government official belonging to another political faith. Across the Atlantic that is a frequent occurrence, and when such things are mentioned, it is usually done by way of an attack. The editorial functions of the paper and its purely news mission are confused and commingled — anything is grist to the partisan mill. I do not mean to say that everything is ideal here. Distortions and suppressions occur, and some publishers have axes to grind. I do say, however, that in its reporting function the American press performs better and with something approximating fairness at least in intent.

No one would for a moment judge the French of his day exclusively on the basis of the works of Émile Zola. At best, or at worst, they portrayed only one phase of French life, especially, of course, Parisian life. Yet Europe judges America largely by the works of certain writers of the realistic school, perhaps correct enough in picturing the types they delineate, but picturing *only those types* and not American life in all its phases. In talking to some of my European friends, I have wondered more than once whether they do not think that life here is one continuous "American Tragedy," that all American business men are Babbitts — though Babbitt was a good fellow at that — and that all American clergymen are Elmer Gantrys. The picture they thus form is a distortion. The novelist is not to be blamed, certainly not entirely, for no book can encompass American life in all its manifestations, but an intelligent reader should realize that there is being placed before him only a section, and a small one at that, of the life of a great nation.

Crime news from America is always featured; the word "gangster" has passed into a number of continental languages. The normal is not news, of course; neverthe-

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less, excessive emphasis is placed by the European press upon American crime. There are no adequate comparative data, but I do not believe there is more crime in America than on the European Continent. It is true that the great open spaces of this continent are not and cannot be thoroughly policed. For that matter, even the cities are not thoroughly policed. Crime here is perhaps more spectacular and more organized. But that there is more of it I seriously doubt.

Now consider corruption in public life. The late Finley Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley) once said that here the press drags things into the open, bringing about, after all, a remedy, while in Europe the press sweeps things under the sofa. There is in that statement more truth than the license of a humorist. When, during my various ventures and misadventures in European public life, I encountered public men suddenly wealthy, although some of them before the War were poor — and at least one of them asked his friends not to write to him to Paris because he could not reply, not having the money to buy even postage stamps — I wondered what would happen if some competent tribunal invoked the rule applied by President, then Governor, Roosevelt, in the famous tin box case which resulted in the removal of a sheriff because he could not explain how he came into possession of $40,000.

THE JUDICIARY of the United States has of late frequently been under fire. Such cases as those of Mooney and Sacco and Vanzetti have become objects of international interest. I am among those who regret a number of incidents connected with those cases, and yet I am convinced they are far from being fair illustrations of American judicial processes. On the whole, American judges, especially

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Federal judges, conduct themselves very well and with appropriate dignity. I stand on this statement despite the just revealed Manton case in New York. Certainly no such farces, violating all accepted canons of legal procedure, as the Russian trials of Trotsky's alleged adherents, would be possible anywhere in the United States. An American judge would never dare to advise the executive, in a case which was bound to come before his tribunal, how to change rules of procedure, and make them retroactive, in order to be rid of a personage whose political views the Chief Executive did not like. Yet such cases in Europe have come to my knowledge and were accepted as matters of course.

This brief essay would not be even remotely complete if I did not note the condescension continentals sometimes show towards American educational institutions. A screamingly humorous sample of this occurred some years ago when a Prague review of Leftist tendencies, the *Pritomnost*, published an article on the low estate to which American doctors' degrees have fallen and as an illustration cited the alleged fact that in the United States doctors are called — dogs. What, of course, happened was that the perspicacious writer in his defective knowledge of American pronunciation, confused the familiar abbreviation "doc" with dog.

The American educational system has its defects, and I am not sure that it has not gone rather wild in regard to so-called credits and requirements, but speaking generally, in more ways than one, it is more exacting than what we find on the Continent. For the degree of doctor of philosophy all respectable American institutions demand an undergraduate college degree, a reading knowledge of two foreign languages, and evidence of capacity to undertake research work usually shown by what is known

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as a dissertation. In Central Europe graduation from a *gymnasium*, about equal to the American junior college, entitles one to admission to a university and candidacy for a doctor's degree, and ability to undertake original research work comes into question only when one possessing a doctor's degree seeks to prepare himself for a university career. The European degree of doctor of laws (J. U. D.) is in fact about equal to the American Bachelor of Laws degree, and the examinations and attendance requirements are much less rigid.

An example may best show what I have in mind. A clergyman, a teacher of literature in a small Middle Western college, came to me one day in a Central European city, the locale of an ancient and by no means inferior seat of learning, and told me he thought it would be useful if he possessed a European Ph.D. His field being literature, he investigated the courses offered, and the result he condensed in a statement, "Do you know, they do not offer more, if as much, as our little college does?" Whereupon, without regard to dignity of language, it is to be admitted, I remarked, "You're telling me?" Yet the gentleman went ahead, obtained his degree, is now parading it in the United States, and there are people who think he has something better than America offers.

It is true that in America much remains to be remedied and improved, and no American will deny this. Much, however, is being accomplished and has been accomplished. No American need believe for a moment that there is any justification for any "condescension in foreigners."

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Refugees from the Nazi Terror
Find Brief Respite.

# Peace *in* Brno

ERSKINE CALDWELL

THERE WAS no other beauty in Czechoslovakia like the round green hills of Brno in the first light of the summer morning sun. That was when the light began to glisten on the dew, making each leaf and stem of grass sparkle in purple and violet. The low rambling mountains of Moravia came down to the city from all directions, in wave after wave, looking as though they were tiers of grass-covered terraces. Finally, at the foot of them all, the soft hills lay.

As the morning became brighter, the southward-running rivers of Moravia could be seen winding in and out among the hills of the city, leaving streamers of silver behind. Then, huge and red, the sun itself appeared on the top of the mountains. A thousand windows became warm with life. Out of the gleaming mass of city below, and towering above the hills themselves, cathedral spires sprang into the air like the fingers of giants pointing to heaven.

The streets and avenues were tree-lined and wide, and they were neither straight nor crooked, but ran in long symmetrical curves around the hills and along the streams. When one street crossed another, which was not often, the intersection looked unreal, like a thing that could not possibly have taken place.



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The dwellings were massive and solid, from three to five stories high, and they looked from a distance as though they were all a part of a mammoth mosaic. And yet, although they appeared to be a part of one continuous building, each house had an individual architectural design, and it was difficult to find any two alike. They were all constructed of stone and plaster, and their natural colors were tan and brown.

The people in the markets and plazas in the early morning, merchant and trader and peasant alike, were unhurried and friendly. Germans, Czechs and Jews talked and laughed with one another with neither stiffness nor restraint. There were shops to unlock and dust, sacks of grain to carry, and geese to bargain and trade, but none of those things seemed to be as important as the joking and laughter that passed from door to door, from street to street. Even the business men on their way to the railway station were not in so much of a hurry that they could not stop in the plaza and talk to the storekeepers sweeping off their sidewalks.

Brno, the capital of Moravia, is an old city, and it has lived through many phases of war and peace.

Refugees from Germany and Austria had been welcomed in Brno as nowhere else in Czechoslovakia. Such cities as Praha, Plzen and Bratislava are commercial centers where unemployment was already critical without the addition of thousands of exiles from other countries. Brno was an industrial city, too, but its people, for one reason or another, possibly because they were more independent financially, or because they had been rendered more charitable by environment, found means to care for those who came there to escape oppression.

It had not been easy to feed, clothe and house the hundreds of men, women and children who came there, but

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somehow the people of Brno had found a way. But as time went on, it became more difficult. Everyone knew that once more war was on the way to take the place of peace in Brno.

In the meantime obsolete and abandoned factories were turned over to refugees, and food, kitchens and bedding provided. Even those who collected the money needed to care for the refugees were surprised when they found that German, Czech and Jew alike contributed.

THE PEACE that the refugees found in Brno was almost unbelievable to them. Many of them had not eaten for days at a time, many of them had slept in ditches and fields. The taste of food again was unreal.

However, the refugees in Brno knew that the peace they had found would not be a lasting one. Many of them realized that they were only beginning a life of exile, and that within a short time they would be forced to go somewhere else. The forces that had driven them, German and Jew, from Berlin to Vienna, and from Vienna to Brno would catch up with them and drive them to they knew not where.

"If I could get to America," one of them said, "I would feel safe. Here it is safe for the present, but tomorrow it may not be. I feel as though I am being trapped, and from all sides I am being surrounded. I do not know which way to go."

He was a young man, a Jew. He had been beaten in Vienna, seen his wife taken away, and escaped with only the clothes on his back.

"Why are these things done to us?" he asked. "I was a good citizen. I do not steal, I do not murder. Why did they do that?"

He did not know what had happened to his wife. He

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had been told in Vienna that she had left the country, and he escaped to Czechoslovakia in the hope of finding her there. But she was not in Brno. He did not know if he would ever see her again.

"My wife was going to have a baby very soon," he said. "They may have put her in a concentration camp. I don't know why they did this to us. We were good citizens. We ran a little store."

We walked away, not knowing what to say. The sun was warm in the streets. Every once in a while we met a group of refugees. They were grateful for the warm sun, and for the peace in Brno.

We went into the city jail and found forty refugees there. They had been put there a week before because there was no other place for them to sleep. They had slept the first night in Brno on the ground. The following day the inspector of police took them to the jail and told them they would remain there until a place could be found for them.

When we saw the inspector of police, he was embarrassed. He had not expected to find foreigners in his office.

"I am forced to do my duty as the inspector of police," he said. We looked at him, and he looked at us.

"It is not that, actually," he said after a while. "These people are not criminals. They are not preparing to commit crimes. They should not be locked in the cells of the jail."

There was no need to question the inspector. He gave answers before we could ask anything of him.

"I dislike doing this. I am not certain if it is my duty to place such people under arrest."

He left us and went to the cells alone. He walked up and down the jail corridor in silence. He was away for nearly ten minutes.

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"It is a pity," he said.

He excused himself then, and said he had certain duties to perform. We left the jail and walked out into the street. It was warm and sunny out there, and the streets were peaceful and quiet.

Twenty minutes later several persons ran down the street behind us, calling us. We stopped and waited for them to reach us.

"We have been freed, all of us," one of the men said. "We were the refugees in the jail, and we have been turned free. The inspector said he had been humiliated to have Americans find him holding refugees from Vienna in the jail of Brno. He said his intentions had been good, because he did not want us to go without food and a place to sleep, but now it is better that we no longer remain in the jail."

The refugees said that we should come to Brno every day, because then none would be kept in the jail.

"The inspector said he did not think he would ever again arrest us," the man said. "It is very peaceful in Brno."

THE CROWD turned and went back down the street, but one of the refugees remained. He was a young boy, about eighteen years old, and a Jew. He walked beside us and said very little for a long time.

"If I could find my aunt in America," he said, "she would help me go there."

His father was in a concentration camp, his brother and sister had started out to escape to Switzerland, and his mother was still in Vienna.

"My aunt in America wrote a letter giving her address," he said, "but the letter was lost, and now I do not know where she lives. I have written her three letters,

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but all of them have come back to me because I do not know her address."

The boy had graduated from a commercial school in Vienna and had worked for an exporting firm. He was a clerk in the shipping department. Then one day he heard that he was going to be sent to a concentration camp. His father had already been sent to one. He left the same day and managed to cross the Czechoslovak frontier near Brno.

"If I could let my aunt know, she would help me," he said. "She would send me the money to go to America. But I do not know where to find her. I do not know what city she lives in."

He walked along beside us. We did not know what to say.

The boy was young, and he did not realize that probably he would never find his aunt in America. He did not realize, as the older ones did, that he was being encircled by danger. The chances were that he would be trapped in Brno, and that when it was too late to escape he would not know what to do.

The older ones knew that the forces that had driven them from their homes in Vienna would some day drive them from Brno and Czechoslovakia. Some of them were certain it would be only a few months until that time came.

They knew that they would be driven from the deceptive peace of Brno like cattle. It was warm and green there then, and the boy could not understand why it would not last.

"I had a good job in Vienna," he said. "I belonged to an athletic club. When I heard that I was going to be sent to a concentration camp, I decided to take a chance on getting across the frontier into Czechoslovakia. It

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was a little risky, but I made it. They took my mother's ring I wore, and the watch my father had given me. They even took my collar button, because it looked like gold. But I got across. They beat me some, but I didn't mind that because I knew they would let me cross for having the ring and watch they could take. I hated to lose them, but it was better than going to the concentration camp."

We did not see him again. He went down a street towards the river.

In the late morning the city was quiet and serene. Walking along the tree-lined street was like being in the country. There was no noise, no shouting. The people in the street were laughing. Every once in a while we passed a group of refugees standing on a corner while they talked about the life they had left behind in Vienna, about the life they would find somewhere else in the world after Brno.

Brno was still peaceful at the end of the morning. The round green hills were the most beautiful in Czechoslovakia, just as they had always been in war and peace, and as they would continue being when war returned.

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A Young Idealist in the Tropics
Learns the Meaning of—

# *"Bueno Pues"*

RICHARD WARREN

GORDON BLAKE left college with no definite aim in life. On the remnants of his patrimony he spent a year in Europe, and returned to New York, still without a purpose. He knew only, in a vague sort of way, that he loved beauty. And he was sure of it after he met Hope Loring, and went away from that first meeting with his mind at last crystallized.

He intended to marry her. He told her so, and she agreed that the idea seemed an excellent one. Yet it wasn't quite as simple as all that. There was the matter of money. Hope Loring had a great deal of it, Blake none at all.

"But, dear heart!" she protested. "What difference does it make as long as one of us has it?"

"I'm not going to let you support me."

"Aren't you old-fashioned! And I didn't say anything about supporting you. I simply intended to support myself . . . and love you!" And she added "Must you be stubborn?"

It was evident that Blake must, although in the end he compromised by going into the fruit company of which her father was president. It meant spending a year, or possibly two years, on plantations in Central America,



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and then returning to a position in the New York office.

"I won't let you!" Hope said. "I can't bear to have you away from me all that time. If you loved me you wouldn't go!"

"It's only so you won't stop loving me — later," Blake told her, "that I'm going now. And I'll write you — reams and reams. I'll have to send my letters up by freight."

"Send them by air-mail. I *do* wish you'd be more sensible, though!"

THERE WERE TIMES, during his first weeks in Guatemala, that Blake wished he *had* been more sensible. He wasn't certain just what he had expected the tropics to be like — he only knew they weren't like it.

They were hot and damp and dirty. A gummy feeling persistently oppressed him. He spent the days riding through endless acres of banana trees, and the nights tossing restlessly about, wishing to God the two years were up. He longed for the cool, green purity of the waters that swept Long Island's coastline, and wondered if ever again he would feel fresh and clean.

"You'll get used to it," Chandler, one of the superintendents, assured him. "Everybody does."

"Like olives, eh? This one is too damned over-ripe for my taste, though. Rotten!" Blake set down his highball glass and waved a hand loosely at the twilight that had crept in around the verandah. "Smell it!" Chandler laughed.

Jawn Morton, the gambler, retired filibuster, and non-active T.T.T., shifted his weight heavily. "What do they all want? Something that ain't here, although none of them seem to know what it is. The trouble is you young ones ain't got no working philosophy in life. Take things

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the way you find them, is my motto, and if you don't like 'em — why, hell, just leave 'em alone."

"You can't get far doing that," Blake observed.

"No?" Jawn hung a leg over the arm of his chair and swung it idly back and forth. "You can get to the same place you started from — which is all you'll ever do, anyway."

"Don't disillusion him!" Chandler protested with mock concern.

"Don't worry," Gordon laughed. "Nobody's going to."

"Nobody's going to have to, son! Down here nature takes care of that. That's one thing I *will* say about the tropics — you can get rid of more damn fool ideas and theories here with less effort than any other place I know. They just plumb rot away."

"'Rot' is the word."

"Maybe so. But what good's a definition? It don't change the place none. I might give you a lot of colorful descriptions about Zacapa, but it wouldn't alter none the fact that I got to live there. Inasmuch as I got to — well — *bueno pues* . . . it's all right."

"*Bueno pues?*"

"Ye-ah. Meaning, son, 'good then.' Like the frog when he shrugs his shoulders. Philosophy . . . tropical philosophy. What's happened has happened . . . what is is . . . and what ain't just naturally ain't. *Bueno pues* — let's have another drink and forget it."

As THE WEEKS went by Blake did forget it — more or less. He grew accustomed to the unending monotony of the days, looking on them as an inevitable interlude preceding late afternoon. At that time he took a tepid shower, put on fresh whites, and settled down on the verandah to write Hope and dream the evening away.

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It was the nights, he decided, that he liked best. Then the tropics weren't so bad. His nostrils had grown used to the heavy, rich odors that drifted thickly about him — the damp smell of luxuriant decay. Palm and plantain and banana trees swayed indolently in warm breezes; from their leaves moonlight dripped and collected in honey-colored puddles on the ground beneath. Soft shadows settled in sensuous silence about him. New York seemed very far away. . . .

By then he was in charge of a small plantation, with a house of his own. The company allowed him a cook and a house-girl, taking for granted a preference for feminine service. Blake accepted them casually, and shrugged his shoulders at Chandler's suggestion that moral prejudices needn't necessarily restrain him from getting a better looking pair.

"What's the use? These aren't so bad that they take away my appetite. . . ."

"If you don't care, I don't! Coming over to my place next week-end? We're getting up a poker party."

"Can't. I'm going up to Zacapa to buy some stuff, and visit Jawn." He drained his highball glass and set it down. "God, I hate to move!"

"Who doesn't?"

JAWN MORTON went shopping with Blake, and afterwards wandered about with him, showing him Zacapa.

"I might as well do it now," he grunted, "and get it over with. Though there ain't nothing to see. Some people and some houses, and people and houses are the same the world over."

"Not exactly the same."

"What of it? I made my money for forty years gambling. I played with a lot of different people, and in a lot

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of different places, but in the end it was all the same. I either won or lost."

"I never heard of your losing much."

"People ain't never interested in what a man loses. It's what he wins that excites them. Then they can start figuring out ways to get it away from him. But the odds was always with me. I never bet against nobody. . . . I just let them bet against me. And it seems as though most people was born to bet wrong in the long run."

"Thanks for the tip," Blake said. "I guess I won't start gambling against you."

As they walked by the gray walls of the *juzgado* a soft feminine voice called to them, and a hand reached out from a barred window.

"Hello!" Blake stopped. "What's she want?"

"A cigarette," Jawn told him. "Give her an American one and she'll be your slave for life."

Taking out a package Blake leaned closer and peered in at her. "She's rather pretty. I wonder how she landed here in jail."

"Don't do it! I'll ask her."

After a rapid interchange of Spanish, Morton said languidly: "She's in for bootlegging."

"Don't be funny!"

"I couldn't be. I said she was in for bootlegging. America ain't the only place you can do that in. Don't you think we got any civilization here at all? She was selling native rum without paying a government tax, and got caught. That's all."

"How long is she in for?"

"Until somebody pays her fine and takes her out. And she seems to think that it's going to be somebody from one of the *casas blancas* in the city. The idea don't appeal to her none."

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Blake looked through the bars at the girl speculatively.

"I can't say that I blame her any."

"Hell, I don't blame her myself! I never blame anyone. She just can't see turning what used to be a pleasure into a business. Let's get going."

LYING IN BED that night Blake was unable to take his mind off the girl in the *juzgado*. Something about her had struck him; he decided it must have been her youth — the fact that her beauty had not yet over-developed into sheer sensuousness. For there had been, undeniably, a sort of beauty about her; a dark, slumbrous, tropical beauty. And how typically tropical her case was . . . she was! Blossoming forth just to rot away. Whether she rotted in the jail of Zacapa, or a *casa blanca* in Guatemala City made no difference, the end was the same. *Bueno pues!*

He told himself irritably that he had several final highballs too many, and turned over.

At breakfast the following morning he said casually to Jawn, "How about walking up to the plaza with me?"

"Nothing about it. I'm walking nowhere . . . and I ain't even going to hurry about that. What's the idea?"

"It's just an idea," Blake said, "I sort of thought I might pay that girl's fine up at the *juzgado*, and give the kid another break."

"You gave her a cigarette. Ain't that enough?"

"I just feel good, that's all. I'd like to do something for someone."

"Ye-ah." Jawn looked at him blandly. "And what are you figuring on doing for her?"

"Get her out of jail. Just what I told you . . . nothing more."

"Pardon me, *amigo*. I thought maybe you were plan-

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ning on sending her to Vassar. All right, I'll help you with your dirty work. Come on."

"You can go to hell. . . ."

"I've been there already, brother, and it was so monotonous I just drifted out again. Get your hat."

"I HOPE you're satisfied," Jawn remarked that night. "You've parted with nine dollars in cash money, and now you've got a *muchacha colorada y caliente* on your hands. What you going to do with her?"

"Nothing. I've done what I intended already."

"Maybe you have, but you ain't finished yet. Not if I know . . . what I know. What do you think'll happen to her now?"

"How do I know? She'll go home, I should think."

"Suppose I call her in and we'll find out."

Blake shrugged his shoulders. "Go ahead. I thought she'd gone already."

"Gone!" said Jawn. "Hell! She's been sitting outside in the patio . . . waiting for you to go."

"What for?"

"So's she could go with you. I'll call her," Jawn turned his head and bawled out, "Carmencita. *Viene aquí. . . . Ándale pues!*"

A moment passed and then the girl appeared silently in the doorway.

"Señores?"

Morton looked at her critically for a minute and then said in Spanish, "What are you going to do now, *Chiquita?*"

"Work, señor."

Blake laughed. "I can understand that much. And you see, Jawn, you were wrong. You may know what you know, but you don't know everything."

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"Ye-ah," Jawn pulled at his puro. "Hold your horses. Where are you going to work, Chiquita?"

"I don't know."

"Who you going to work for?"

"Señor Blake."

Jawn grinned complacently at Gordon, and then said, "Suppose he doesn't want you?"

"Look here. . . ." Blake started.

"I work for him just the same," Carmencita said calmly. "I got no family. No friends. Does he want, maybe, to sell me to somebody?"

"There you are," said Jawn. "I know somebody that might give you ten dollars for her maybe."

"Your sense of humor is warped. Can't she get a job?"

"Where? There's only one kind of work she knows enough to do in the city, and that's what you paid her fine to keep her away from. And down here there's nothing to do . . . except work as house-girl on some plantation. It looks like you've bought yourself something, brother."

Blake threw out his hands in a gesture of resignation. "Oh hell! Tell her to go to bed."

"*Bueno pues. Cuando, Señor?*"

"Now!"

"*Dónde* . . . where . . . señor?"

"Anywhere! *Buenas noches*. Good night!"

GORDON BLAKE returned to his plantation, and on his payroll the name of Carmencita Ruiz replaced that of the toothless crone who had, up until that time, pilfered his cigarettes and whiskey. Then, with a feeling of having done his duty, Blake took up again the routine of his daily work; went back to dreaming of Hope, writing long letters, and looking forward to the day when he would bid good-bye forever to the tropics and all therein.

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It was not quite the same, however. When he returned to the house in the afternoon for his shower he found fresh linen and clean whites laid out for him. Carmencita hovered constantly about him, anticipating his needs, leaving him only momentarily, and with reluctance.

She mixed his drinks for him, watching him anxiously if he had more than three. She lit his cigarettes, puffing once or twice on them before handing them to him. When he objected she explained simply that it was only so that he would not be bothered by any odor of sulphur that might linger from the match. On pay day she stubbornly refused to accept her wages, and when he forced the money on her, she took it and left it on the bureau. He could, she told him, buy her a dress if he insisted.

"Good God!" Blake exclaimed irritably, "you work here, don't you?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "And I eat and sleep here. *Bueno pues* . . . it is even. If things were different . . ." and she looked up at him through half closed eyes.

Invariably, when he was at last in bed for the night, she would walk softly in.

"It is very hot . . . you wish, maybe, some water?"

"No."

"A cigarette?"

"No!"

"Perhaps another highball?"

"No! Go to bed. Goodnight!"

As silently as she entered she would leave, hesitating a moment in the doorway to whisper, "*Buenas noches.*"

A MONTH LATER Jawn Morton wandered down from Zacapa for the monthly poker game at Chandler's. There were six of them sitting in: Johnson, Blanchard and King, together with Jawn, Gordon Blake and Chandler.

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"How's the little tropical flower?" Jawn asked, breaking open a fresh pack of cards half through the game. "Still blushing unseen on the jungle wastes? Or shouldn't I ask?"

"Shut up and deal," Blake grunted.

Chandler cut the cards and said, "What are you two exchanging compliments about?"

Jawn looked at him in mock surprise. "Hadn't you heard? The tropical redeemer!" He waved a hand grandiloquently toward Blake. "Saving modest maidens from being maudlin Magdalenes. I'll open for a red one."

"I'm in," said King. "What are you raving about?"

"Ain't you been over to Blake's lately? Notice any new ornaments around the house?"

"I saw a house-girl I'd like to get." Blanchard closed up his hand and tossed it on the table. "And I'd like to get a few cards for a change too."

"Them as has 'em gets 'em," said Jawn. "That's how Blake got little bright eyes. Got your nine dollars worth yet, *amigo?*"

"It's going to cost you about ten dollars for not keeping your mouth shut," Blake told him, shoving in two blue chips, "and I hope you lose your dirty shirt."

"Nice friendly game, this."

"Who bought what for nine dollars?" Johnson inquired. "And is this a poker game or a sewing bee?"

"It's a kindergarten for would-be tropical tramps. Let's make it an even fifteen."

"I'm out," said Chandler, "spill the dirt."

"Good! A gentlemen's game from now on. There ain't no dirt to spill. Just that our friend Gordon here found himself a house-girl while he was visiting me last month. For a bird with a lot of ideals he managed to pick a smooth looking one. I'll call."

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"Call your head off." Blake spread out three queens and a small pair and raked in the pot. "She's a good house-girl."

"They all are. And I bet you treat her rotten. You *hombres* with ideals and morals never do know how to treat a girl decent."

"Is that so?" Blake demanded. "Why don't you stick to something you know about? You never even heard of a moral . . . let alone morals."

"Ye-ah?" Jawn fingered his chips idly. "They're all right in their place . . . but that ain't here. Morals and quinine never appealed to me much. Always struck me as being kind of dangerous . . . down here! I remember forty years ago, when I first came down, I had the general idea that quinine and whiskey were a great pair to beat malaria with. I found that part of the prescription was all right, but I'd sure like to find the damned fool that told me to take the quinine."

"As I remarked before," Johnson interrupted, "are we playing poker or are we. . . ."

"I don't know what you think you're playing," Jawn said, "but, believe me, brother, it ain't poker. And if you don't want to believe me just take a look at your chips. Right now, though, you're listening to me while I say something for the benefit of the younger generation.

"Quinine may keep you from landing in the hospital with fever, but it don't stop it getting into your blood without your knowing it. There's birds as has stayed down here twenty years, mopping up quinine, and never had a touch of fever. Then they go north and the cold snaps it out of them, and snaps them out the same time. That's why I stick to whiskey. It ain't friendly with malaria to begin with . . . and if I do happen to get a touch of it . . . why, then, I know it.

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"Morals and instincts somehow strike me as being a somewhat similar combination . . . when you take them down here. If you stick to your instincts — like I do to my whiskey — you know where you stand, at any rate, even if it is some place you shouldn't boast of. But morals are apt to play the same dirty trick on you that quinine does. Let you think you're beating the tropics just so the old home town can put it over on you when you return. And now if somebody will deal the cards I'll contribute to the pot and help feed the kitty some."

"So endeth the first lesson," said Blake. "I hate to be the exception that proves your rule, Jawn. But I'll buy you an extra case of whiskey when I leave here to make up for it."

BLAKE AWOKE one day to the realization that a year had drifted languidly by: a year of rain, dampness, heat, and passive routine. A year in which he had, it seemed to him, done nothing but ride about and watch bananas grow, and then return to his house to sit, looking out over an undulating green sea of them, figuring out how much they cost to grow . . . and when, and why, and how. . . . Only another year, though.

He reined in at the commissary that clung to the spur line at one corner of his plantation and dismounted. Sitting on the counter he drank two bottles of luke warm beer and watched the native in charge pretend to clean up the place.

"Hey, José," he said finally, "got any dresses?"

"*Sí, señor.*"

"Got a red one that will fit Carmencita?"

"*Cómo no?*" José drew out a box from one of the shelves and opened it. "*Aquí, señor.*"

Blake looked at the shapeless costumes it contained.

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"I said red," he remarked, "not yellow. Never mind, I'll take this one."

He signed the slip and went out again into the early afternoon heat. A two-hour ride and he would be back at his house. Swinging into the saddle he turned down the trail that lost itself at once in a dark maze of banana trees.

He was hot and sticky when he finished the ride; turning his horse over to a *mozo* he mounted the wooden steps of the verandah and dropped into a chair. He threw his package in the general direction of a table; the loose paper wrapping broke open and the yellow dress spread itself out in a rumpled heap. Without turning his head he yelled, "Carmencita!"

There was a rustle of a movement from the darkened living room, and then silence again. He looked up suddenly to see Hope Loring standing in the doorway.

He stared stupidly for a moment and then sprang to his feet.

"Hope!"

Turning at last in his arms and looking up she said, "I wanted to surprise you."

"You did!"

"Pleasantly?"

He laughed instead of answering and kissed her again. He dragged two chairs together and placed her in one. "Now tell me all about it," he demanded.

"There isn't much to tell. Dad was making his annual trip down here, so I just insisted on coming along. I wanted to see you, and besides, I'd never been down here before. I've missed you tremendously, Gordon."

Blake sat, drinking in the cool, immaculate perfection of her. For months her loveliness had been a memory, an abstract thing. Now, suddenly, she was before him; a living symbol of the clear, crisp beauty of the North. He felt

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for his cigarettes and finding none clapped his hands and called out for the second time, "Carmencita."

Noiselessly the girl appeared on the threshold. "*Que quiere?*"

"Cigarettes . . . and two highballs. Lots of ice." He turned back to Hope. "You're lucky to have come when you did. I only manage to get ice about twice a month."

"Who is the girl, Gordon?"

"Nobody. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "Just a house-girl."

"I don't like her."

"Why not? Was she rude to you?"

"Not exactly. I just don't like her. She's done nothing all afternoon but stare at me."

"I don't blame her. That's all I intend to do. She's probably never seen anyone as lovely as you before."

"It isn't that. She stares at me as though she hates me."

"What?"

"Or as though she were afraid of me."

"Nonsense. Why should anyone be afraid of you? How could anybody ever do anything, anyway, but love you?"

"Silly!"

Carmencita appeared and sullenly placed the glasses on the table, and handed Blake his cigarettes. Wordlessly she moved away on bare feet.

"I don't care," Hope protested. "I don't like her! I wish you'd get rid of her."

"Why bother? I'm leaving here myself soon, I hope. Come on, I'll show you my place."

The next two hours passed all too quickly. Hope was to return to the division headquarters, where her father was sleeping, in the caboose of a fruit train, in which she had ridden out earlier in the day.

"It was fun, rather," she said. "I liked it."

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"I wish I could go with you, but I can't. There's a heavy cutting tomorrow."

"I'll come out, honey. Dad can arrange it somehow. We can be together in the afternoon then."

They were sitting by the tracks waiting for the approach of the train whistling in the distance.

" . . . And Gordon. . . ."

"Yes?"

"You're going to get rid of that girl, aren't you? To please me."

Blake sat silently, regarding the glowing tip of the cigarette.

"You tell me she doesn't mean anything. . . ."

"She doesn't."

"Well, then," Hope declared triumphantly, "we aren't going to quarrel about nothing, are we?"

"No," said Gordon. "Kiss me again before the train gets here."

HOPE REMAINED at the division headquarters a week, with the resident manager and his wife, while her father made short tours of inspection.

Twice Gordon was able to get in to see her. On the other days she made the trip out to his plantation, riding out on the gasoline car used by the manager.

It was an odd week for them both. Their life together was desultory . . . carefree . . . casual . . . colorful. . . . For Hope it was something new, at first. Then, as the novelty wore off, boredom threatened.

"Don't you get frightfully tired of it . . . day after day . . . night after night . . . always the same?" she asked one evening as they sat watching the silhouetted leaves of a palm tree swaying against the moon.

"Sometimes."

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"It . . . it seems so lonely!"

"It is at first."

"No theatres . . . music . . . nothing."

"There's a chap in Quirigua who has a radio."

"What do you do? Read all the time?"

"No. One gets out of the habit, somehow. We do . . . well, just what you've seen. Play cards once or twice a month, maybe. . . ."

"Why don't you chuck it and come back with me?"

"I came down here for a reason — that reason still holds."

"Yes, only. . . ."

"And when one has a reason, a purpose, disagreeable things don't matter so much. You forget about them, thinking of the future. Cheer up, it'll all come out in the wash. . . ."

"There isn't even any social life here! So few of the men seem to have married. Tell me something, Gordon. . . ."

"Well?"

"Are those stories true?"

"What stories?"

"Those one hears . . . and reads in books . . . and sees in plays about white men in tropics."

"White men?"

". . . and native women. Are they? True, I mean?"

"Once in a while, I suppose."

"Don't you know?"

"How should I? Probably some of them are true. There's always some truth in stories about men and women . . . white, yellow or brown . . . isn't there?"

"You know what I mean!"

"Sure. And I imagine it is true quite often. Men and women both want love . . . sympathy . . . understanding . . . and the lonelier they are, the more they want it.

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And if they can't get the real thing they're apt to take an imitation . . . better than nothing."

Blake flicked his cigarette into the night and lighted a fresh one. "But what's all this got to do with us?"

Hope hesitated, then said slowly, "Nothing, I hope."

Gordon turned and looked at her steadily. "Was that why you wanted me to send Carmencita away?"

She did not answer.

On the day before her departure from Guatemala, Blake returned to his house in mid-afternoon to find Hope pacing the verandah in a tense fury.

She waited until Blake mounted the steps, and then burst out, "Why did you have to lie to me?"

"I don't understand."

"Neither do I! You told me you'd sent that girl, Carmencita, away."

"I did."

"Away from the house, perhaps. She's living in one of the manaca shacks out back now, and you know it."

"I can explain that. . . ."

"Of course! Why didn't you do it before, then, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself?"

"It didn't mean enough to me."

"I didn't mean enough, it looks. . . ."

"I thought it was only her presence around the house that you objected to. If I'd thought you felt as strongly about it as you seem to, I'd have done differently."

"And sent her away, really . . ." she said bitingly.

"No. Kept her in the house."

"What?"

"Do you know what sending her away, as you wanted me to do, would have meant to her? Of course you don't! If you did, you wouldn't want me to do it.

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"The girl has no people, no education, no friends, no money. And she's young, pretty, and decent. But she wouldn't be any of these things long if she didn't have help. Can't you see. . . ?"

"Perfectly!"

She looked at him coldly, without a word.

"Good God!" Blake burst out, "Haven't you any heart? Why must women be so merciless to each other?"

"Your heart, at any rate, seems warm enough. . . ."

Gordon shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "If you'd only try to understand. I've told you as best I could. . . ."

"You mean I've dragged it out of you — as much as you dared to tell!"

"Thanks."

Turning away from her sharply he went on, "You must have a fine opinion of me. It must be rather difficult for you to love me."

"I'm not sure that I do . . . love you."

As Blake stared at her blankly, she continued. "I thought I did — I wanted to! And I tried to keep on, after I came down here. Only you'd changed — and I'd changed, too, I guess."

"Thank you for telling me."

"Don't be nasty! It's not my fault. I begged you not to leave New York. I let you have your own way about that. . . ."

"You know why."

"I do! Because you couldn't think of anyone but yourself — and your precious self-respect. I fell in love with you because you were different, and amusing, and interesting! Now you're like all the rest of father's friends. I don't want to marry a fruit plantation!"

With a short laugh Blake flung himself down in a chair. "Are you going to?"

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"I'm not! And I'm not going to marry a liar, either! You couldn't have loved me so much — letting a native girl come between us."

Standing by the table she stripped a ring from her finger and tossed it down. "Here! I was willing to play the game if you had. I'm not such a rotten sport as that. Now you've saved me a lot of trouble."

Blake regarded her steadily for a long moment, and then said slowly, distinctly: "I'm not playing any game, thanks. I told you the truth about Carmencita. If you don't believe me — well, I'm sorry. Not so much for myself as for you. Come on, I'll take you back to the car."

"You needn't bother," Hope said. "I found my way here alone. I can go back the same way."

LEFT BY HIMSELF, Blake sat for a long time sunk in the depths of his chair, gazing out with unseeing eyes over the tops of banana trees. He yelled at last, loudly and tonelessly, for the cook, demanding whiskey and a carafe of water.

He sat there passively, until daylight merged with tropical suddenness into night. Mechanically, from time to time, he raised his glass to his mouth, or refilled it. In the depths of damp shadows monkeys chattered aimlessly, and an occasional macaw screeched out. Whiskey and quinine, he repeated to himself, setting down the bottle — quinine and whiskey. Morals and instincts. The tropics. . . .

What was it old Jawn had said? Something about quinine and ideals kidding you along that you were beating the tropics — kidding you along so that the North could take it out on you when you went home at last — if you ever did go home.

Well, he hadn't had to go home — the North had

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come to him. Cool — and green — carvings of ice melting one moment and freezing the next.

He was aware mistily of a figure crouching over him, and of a hand passing slowly across his forehead.

"She has gone?" Carmencita murmured softly.

Blake said nothing.

"You come, now, to bed," Carmencita went on impassively. "It is better so."

As he made no attempt to move she dropped down beside him, passed an arm under his arms, and struggled with the weight of him to her feet.

"Let me go. . . !" he protested.

Without answering she moved with him across the verandah, and through the doorway into his bedroom, dropping him at last across his bed. Blake was dimly conscious of her fumbling with his boots and loosening his shirt; of a sheet spread gently over him. He turned his head, and opening his eyes followed her lithe figure moving through the dusk of the room.

"You feel better?" she suggested hesitantly.

"Yes."

Still moving silently about she said, "I get you something, perhaps? A glass of water?"

He shook his head.

With a hand on the knob of the door, she whispered presently, "I think . . . maybe . . . you no like to be left alone? You wish me to stay. . . ?"

For a long moment nothing happened, and then Carmencita's hand dropped from the knob of the still unopened door. She smiled softly in the darkness, and moved slowly across the room toward him.

For Blake, with tropical resignation, had murmured finally, "*Bueno pues*."

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A Portrait of That Mystic Farmer —

# Secretary Wallace

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*By* KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

> We shall have to go on doing all
> these things we do not want to do.
> — *America Must Choose*

NEITHER AMONG the elected officers of Government nor among those happier persons who function under the benediction of appointment has there been one quite so imbued with the spirit of fundamental reform as the blue-eyed and pink-cheeked Secretary of Agriculture, who came to Washington an hereditary Republican and turned out to be the Sir Galahad of the New Deal. In six years the farmer-editor from Iowa has become one of the most astute politicians on the national scene. But in the process he has seemingly shed none of the purity of purpose nor has he lost that visionary sense of direction which set him apart, even at a time when Washington was spell-bound with the reformers and planners of the first New Deal.

Henry Adams called the process which has enabled Henry Agard Wallace to remain steadfast by a single word — Education. Many years ago, when Mr. Wallace was a heavy-shouldered young graduate of an agricultural college in the heart of the Middle West, he set out to discover the smallest plot of land from the products of which an individual might subsist. He never did determine the boundaries of this minimum acreage, but the experiment was significant. It marked the starting



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point of a life dedicated to a search for knowledge concerning the relationship of man to the earth he lives from. It led to his present curiosity as to how all the earth, both good and bad, can best serve the most people. That, come political hell or high water, is his primary concern. If it should lead him to the Great White Throne. . . .

Henry Wallace is a combination of many things: he is a farmer, a poet, a scientist, a mystic, a business-man, and a crusader. These traits are so fused that Mr. Wallace is not an easy man to understand; he, at least, is a type rare to politics. Being both an agrarian and an intellectual, a rustic and a man of the world — a Western columnist once said he was equally at home in a drawing room or a hog pen — it perhaps becomes necessary to explain him in terms of his ancestry. It must never be forgotten that he is Henry the Third.

The first Wallace who came to these shores from northern Ireland started farming the rocky Pennsylvania soil late in the Eighteenth Century. He brought with him his Presbyterianism and a capacity for hard work. His son, Henry the First, sought escape from the soil through the word of God and begat a son, also named Henry, who started life as a printer's devil and ended it as Warren G. Harding's Secretary of Agriculture. All of them spent their lives trying to alleviate what has long been known as the "plight of the farmer." Henry I was a preacher; Henry II was an editor; Henry III was an editor in between being scientist and farm economist. Each, in his own way, was a progressive, and from them Henry III inherited a stubborn and realistic belief in the use of politics.

Henry Wallace looks something like a farmer. He sprawls. Two inches short of the traditional American

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six feet, weighing about 175 pounds, he has unruly hair with a cowlick over a ruddy, scrubbed complexion. His indifference about his clothes is not studied; his penchant for calling persons by their first names is friendliness, not a political trick. He would rather listen than talk, but this does not spring from any Coolidgean obliquity. Curiosity is one of his consuming traits. A vegetarian, he neither smokes nor drinks; but his is not a Puritan's soul. Robert Frost is his favorite poet; the Bible his most frequent source of quotation. But the book which he thinks has most shaped the mind of the modern world is *Das Kapital*.

The source of his religion and his politics is an abiding belief in the necessity for coöperation. Next to coöperation he believes in planning. There is perhaps no more ardent disciple of a planned economy for the United States than Henry Wallace. Although he is a visionary and, as is so often remarked, a mystic, there is an amazing stubbornness about him. It is not the snarling insistence of a dictator. Rather it is the calm, almost religious certainty of a man who admits of no confusion in his own mind. He has an abiding faith in his own capacity for persuading through deeds and dispassionate words.

To please his enemies, he wrote a small book shortly after he became Secretary of Agriculture in 1933. It remains one of the illuminating documents of the New Deal. In it he expressed the fundamentals of his political philosophy.

"Much as we all dislike them," he wrote in *America Must Choose*, "the new types of social control we now have in operation are here to stay, and to grow on a world or national scale. We shall have to go on doing all these things we do not want to do."

When he was called from his editorial desk in that

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mad winter of closed banks and foreclosed farms it was generally admitted that *control* of some sort was necessary to save our economy from chaos. After six years of exercising a rather definite control over some 8,000,000 Americans, Mr. Wallace seems to have discovered no evidence to show that it should now be relaxed.

Quite lacking in cynicism, Henry Wallace believes in the essential goodness of man. He likes to say that he believes human nature *can* be changed. Thus he has often been called the most nearly Christian man in Washington today. But after six years in Washington he is not nearly the mystic he once was. He is much more tough-minded. Yet he believes himself *called* — according to his friends — in a way that the ordinary politician does not.

An associate once said that he had a great deal of feeling for his grandfather, Uncle Henry Wallace, founder of the farm papers which three generations of Wallaces edited. The "blessing" of the family line — Abraham to Jacob to Joseph! — is a strong factor in his emotions. In less practical moments he seems to feel that he has been summoned to lead the farmers of America to some promised land where they may sit by still waters. In such moods he can write:

"Business men operating as individuals on the animal plane can destroy us no matter how great our scientific discoveries. As a matter of fact, the greater the discoveries, the more certain the destruction. . . . When co-operation becomes a living reality in the spiritual sense of the word, when we have defined certain broad objectives which we all want to attain, when we can feel the significance of the forces at work not merely in our own lives, not merely in our own nation, but in the world at large — then the vision of Isaiah and the in-

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sight of Christ will be on their way towards realization."

He used to speak, more than he does now, about the need for a "new social discipline which leaves free the soul of man." Since he coined that phrase, the Supreme Court forced him to dismantle his first AAA machine and he has seen the necessity for direct action to back up his words. He has made many enemies, among his own folk as well as among the New England mill owners and the Southern planters. He has been forced to build up a realistic political organization, not without traits similar to the old Tammany Hall, to bring the nation nearer the idealistic objectives he hopes someday the American people will attain.

Perhaps his greatest achievement, from a long range view, lies not within the specific plans he has made workable, or unworkable, according to your political beliefs. As the nation has shifted from one predominantly agricultural to one industrial in nature, the functions of the Secretary of Agriculture have increased in importance. General realization of this came with the New Deal. Under Mr. Wallace's direction, agriculture became not a political stepchild but an integral part of a national plan. And despite the bleak words of the august Supreme Court, which was more concerned with State rights than hunger, he impressed upon even the city dweller that agriculture *must* be considered a part of the *general welfare*. He gave new meaning to that phrase.

The first AAA was admittedly an emergency measure, set up to do what the price-stabilization-through-purchase plan of the fumbling Mr. Hoover's farm board failed to do. The Nine Old Men, mistaking agriculture for a local issue and declaring it neither a part of interstate commerce nor of the general welfare, outlawed the first plan. It was briefly followed by a period of "agri-

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cultural conservation;" and then, as it were, by Science out of Holy Writ, was born the 1938 Farm Bill which Mr. Wallace, with Biblical simplicity, called the "ever-normal granary." This last has two functions: to keep America supplied in lean years with foodstuffs raised in the good years; and to put farmers who formerly operated under free competition in a position where they can bargain equably with modern industry, which operates under the economy of monopolistic competition.

The administration of this complex law, the most ambitious farm experiment this nation ever attempted, could not possibly please all the groups affected by it, no matter who tried. But even its most bitter enemies cannot deny that it shows magnificent social imagination.

Its administrator, who in great measure was responsible for its writing, was born on a farm, grew up with loam under his nails, and occupied an editorial desk beside a grandfather and a father whose lives had been spent trying to help the farmer. He is now 50 years old. When he was eighteen he entered the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. There, possessed of a painfully inquiring mind, he took nothing for granted and refused to believe what he was told. He once proved a corn judge a liar by showing that the corn which the judge said would produce high yields was infertile. By the time he was graduated in 1910 he was a corn-seed expert.

At once Henry Wallace entered the family's business, being given a desk in the editorial offices of *Wallace's Farmer*. Neither politics nor economics concerned him then. Instead he wrote papers on *Corn Breeding as a Hobby*, *The Origin of Dent Corn*, *Some Interesting Corn Hybrids*. He was a great booster of Iowa corn which he felt was far superior to the Indiana variety.

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He married Miss Ilo Brown, a girl he had met while in college, and settled down on a 400-acre experimental farm in Polk County. He continued to write on farm topics. His most ambitious effort was *A Mathematical Inquiry into the Effects of Weather on the Corn Yield in the Eight Corn-Belt States*. A born mathematician, his hobby was astronomy. His greatest interest was plant breeding. In this he became a nationally recognized expert. He organized the Hy-Bred Seed Company, became its successful president, mixing his science with a taste for business.

His overweening curiosity once led him to sustain himself for weeks on milk and corn, to see how long he could live on that diet; another time he partook of nothing but vegetable fats until the reek of cotton seed oil permeated his whole body. Such things interested him for many years. Intellectually he was slow to broaden. His editorials in the *Farmer* are witness to this fact. When his Republican father went to Washington, to fight with Secretary of Commerce Hoover, he became chief editorial writer. During that period there were occasions on which he tackled the underlying questions of land value, rent, and the general financial system. Nor was he unaware then, that under the profit system competition for land always tends to drain off all but a margin of return for the farmers. He was aware of America's shift to a creditor nation and what this meant, or should have meant, in the matter of tariff adjustments.

He read, sometimes, St. Augustine, Thomas à Kempis, Tom Paine, Rousseau, Adam Smith, Voltaire, J. S. Mill, Darwin, Marx. He liked the books which "endeavored to break the old moulds." Years later he summed up:

"The stage is now being set for some of the most powerful books which the world has yet seen. Humanity

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everywhere is hungry for a new freedom and a new discipline. The books that played their part in producing modern capitalism, Fascism, Communism do not give them sufficient food for the human soul. Humanity is infinitely more decent than the infamous acts of the last 25 years would indicate. Modern science and modern technology both tell the story of one world. They tell the need for integrating, synthesizing, and coördinating knowledge on a higher plane. Such integration is necessary to prevent modern civilization from committing suicide."

Pretty fancy words, those, for a Secretary of Agriculture. But they are typical of Henry III.

He had traveled all over America and through much of Europe while helping edit the *Farmer*. Business had made him familiar with the metropoli of two continents. He was no rube when he was called to Washington, after telling the farmers of Iowa: "You have a chance with Roosevelt, but none with Hoover."

All was not easy sledding in Washington. He had to purge his own department more than once; he had many fights; but being a stubborn man he kept his department intact against all assaults. He preached two things: planning and coöperation. He planned and he coöperated. He said:

"I'm convinced that the method of settling problems in this country is going to be more and more on a functional basis: labor problems through labor unions and farm problems through farm organizations. This means they are going to take some Federal power. That's all right, because the corporations have had it for a long time."

Republicans and some old New Dealers have accused him of setting up a strong political organization through

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his department. He has. Through radio and departmental bulletins he has spread the doctrine of group action. He has spent millions for the farmers, organizing them into a formidable bloc. And he is the head of it. Why not?

Often Henry Wallace has been mentioned as a presidential possibility in 1940. Prophecy along such lines is as futile as it is dangerous. But he is definitely an heir of the New Deal. He has lasted. He has kept his head up, shown courage, fought for his almost otherworldly idealism. He believes in the possibility of the abundant life, thinks it worth fighting for, believes it can be attained under capitalism. He has dedicated his later years to this attainment. A pragmatic idealist, he believes in finding means to make his ideals possible.

Henry Wallace, whose ancestors fought the farmers' battle and whose son, Henry IV, is studying to follow in his father's footsteps, once wrote:

"This nation, and all the developed parts of the world, have been terribly under the weight of the need to subsist, to keep body and soul together. . . . We can throw off that miserable burden. We can stand free men in the sun. But we cannot dream our way into that future. We must be ready to make sacrifices to known ends. As we wrestle with all the infinite complexities which now beset us, the temptation is to give way to false and easy hopes and to easy ways of thinking. But we cannot afford to dream again until we have taken hold of things as they are."

Henry the Third, the Sir Galahad of the New Deal, is a man to reckon with. A knight in shining armor, he also carries a spear. A mystic who talks of the freedom of the soul, he also speaks in realities. He knows you get only what you demand.

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# POETRY:

A Group of Poems
By
R. Lyly

## Heaven Being Bounded

*Heaven being bounded by the finger-tips,*
*is slippery as an eel, is china-dumb,*
*unlovely to the parched and prayerful lips,*
*flaunting by day no push-button, no plum*
*burnished for plucking by the rifled ships.*

*Yet brashly will light up, a Christmas tree,*
*when hope's a corpse and ravens chew the dark;*
*the lusty heart rips off its pride to see,*
*but mind attempts to analyze the spark*
*knowing each candle has its history.*

## Thoughts in a Motor

*Here is the close green dusk, here are the skies*
*punctured by rakish trees, here is a heart*
*hung on a twig of reason, wearing eyes*
*inked in their own reflection, set apart*
*from hare and lynx and other sundry lies.*

*Here is no scarecrow posture to affright*
*the steamy vultures, no striped calico,*
*rag, bone or bottle, here the naked light*
*strikes no deception. Truth says yes and no*
*from its superb and pitiable height.*



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## Why Fetter Love

*I long to flee this canyon and command*
*a view of rocket trees and foaming skies*
*where evil like a kernel in my hand*
*splits in the topaz lightning of your eyes.*
*Why fetter love in chains of circumstance,*
*lull the proud will to slumber and arrange*
*delight upon the counter with romance*
*for handfuls of the street's obnoxious change?*
*Rather our spirits to his stature strain,*
*striding roughshod across the sooty age;*
*winters must proffer heliotrope again*
*when we unsheath the dagger of our rage.*
*Before this tragi-comedy is done*
*we'll drink the moon and breakfast off the sun!*

## So Unobtrusively

*So unobtrusively two hearts are sundered:*
*beneath the hum of consciousness one weight*
*falls upon sawdust from a heaven plundered*
*where gods go blind and spiders seal the gate.*

*Thus every common syntax is a ruse*
*and contact but a curtsey, stiff and yellow;*
*each pays a wicked tariff for abuse*
*of sterile dukedoms no July can mellow.*

*If in the mapless future they should bow*
*by some stark tree and tremble breath to breath,*
*start back and shudder, crying "who art thou—"*
*each will have learned a posturing for death.*

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## Mean Ratio

*Metaphysicians cry as much*
*as is permissible to touch*
*with leopard gloves and citron mind*
*upon a necromancer's wind,*
*which dooms crysanthemums to find*
*Saharas, or a bamboo crutch.*

*Your innocence of morning song*
*is cream for comfort, rugs for wrong,*
*yet yields no glow-worm in the dark,*
*no path save through a bluebird park*
*where quartz and copper sun-dials mark*
*a moon that never sets for long.*

*We favor rather, colours flown*
*from factories of antique stone,*
*freesias and falcons, salt and spice,*
*no lucky sevens on the dice*
*but rubies at an honest price*
*and flesh about the modern bone.*

## Phoenix

*Such a bird the lover flies*
*never glistered on the skies,*
*never tasted lunar fruit*
*with terrestrial substitute.*

*Never curved ambrosial psalm*
*over vanity for balm:*
*fabricates a dream that goes*
*under loam to feed the rose.*

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## Sun Bather

*Sun*
*Under the foliage*
*The fruit of the flesh,*
*Find the quiescent skeleton.*
*Burn the bones in your hard, bright light.*
*Weld the joints*
*And search the hollows of the breast*
*Where beats the secret heart,*
*Ticking off minutes like a singing clock.*

*Sun*
*Pierce the eyelids. . . .*
*Lay a penny of gold*
*Over the eyes shut from you.*
*Here on the crucifix of the earth,*
*The body lies,*
*The palms transfixed by needles of the grass.*

*Sun*
*Be a river flowing,*
*Be a word said forever . . .*
*A word like honey . . . like fire,*
*A word like a hand cupped*
*Over the brown flesh*
*And the white bone.*

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

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# Rise Damocles

*Meek prophets of disaster, still content*
*To prate of conflict and the dire portent*
*Of closer and yet closer-pending war;*
*Lost leaders, were you summoned forth once more*
*To gather at the feast of statesmanship,*
*Would you give peace but service of the lip?*
*Would each, a self-engendered Damocles*
*Sentenced to doom by his own false decrees*
*Stammer inert?*
*You who claim racial wrongs*
*And stand as stubborn tyrants of the throngs*
*Of discontent; is your presumptuous vow*
*So intransigent with revenge that now,*
*Though still of wisdom's feast you might partake,*
*Nor bread of fact, nor wine of dream can slake*
*Your morbid thirsting for your neighbor's blood?*

*And you, more mild proponents of the free,*
*What sadist-Syracusian do you see*
*That you can only lift blank eyes toward*
*Hallucinations of the hanging sword?*
*Has your persuasive skill become so weak*
*You can command no tempered word to speak?*

*Rise, Damocles! Allay the gleaming dread*
*That haunts the murky air above your head.*
*Shatter this false illusion, this suspense;*
*Then share the humble bread of common sense.*
*Ban those real weapons clattering at your side*
*Before they're drawn in vengeance and false pride,*
*Leaving no prophet to relate a thing*
*Of why your feast became a butchering.*

LOUISE BURTON LAIDLAW

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## I Must Go On as They

*My dust is restless with the ache and sweat*
*Of dreams men held of a new god and heaven,*
*Their throes of labor I may not forget,*
*I must go on as they, as they failed, even.*

*These dreamers broken that the burden-bearers*
*Might loose the thongs of their unequal load,*
*Are kin to me, the farers, and the sharers*
*Of the new day upon a broad white road.*

*Because they dreamed, I never can be lonely,*
*My shoulders square to the same cross and pack,*
*Raw with their sores, I must walk their way only,*
*Though no man follow, I cannot turn back.*

ALEX R. SCHMIDT

## The Tangent

*I saw the hawk's flight, circling, without plan*
*In empty air, as often thought of man*
*Skims carefully around a point in space,*
*Around, around and back to that same place.*

*The sparrow finds retreat; the hare lets grass*
*Bend over him, until the shadow pass.*
*The thought of man is safe upon the air*
*Until it leaves the gyre to go somewhere.*

KEITH THOMAS

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Potential Tools for the
World of Tomorrow

# Social Ideals *in a* World's Fair

ROBERT D. KOHN

MANY OF US have been bored by endless praise of the wonders of mechanical inventions, lauded for their contributions to unity and peace in the world. Time is annihilated; consequently, peoples are no longer kept apart by difficulties of communication. The foreigner is no longer the man who lives on the other side of the mountain, as a century ago. Misunderstandings can no longer arise between individuals, between groups of people or nations who now get into touch with one another so easily.

All this, however, appears to be hopeless nonsense at this time of the world's distress. No one questions the opportunities for progress in human relations which science offers to man, but to congratulate ourselves because of the results of their use is blinding ourselves to the truth. And our failure to understand other nations only two seconds distant is no more noticeable (if more dramatic) than is my ignorance of what motivates the opinions and actions of the man upstairs or out on the farm, who is working at something different than I.

We have all heard of factory-workers who growl about the farmers' constant wails for help. Why don't they take care of themselves? Why must the city pay to help



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them out? And, similarly, I have heard a Nebraska farmer curse the city as an aggregation of Wall Street gamblers — leeches on the hard-working agriculturalist. There is, of course, an unavoidable relation between the welfare of the workers of both classes. They simply do not know that they cannot escape it. The mason goes about his work, indifferent to what the steel erector has done and he cares little, in turn, for the carpenter's problems or the latter of the electrician's; each looks out for his own kind. Another kind of technician has to co-ordinate their work. The functional isolation of each craft from the others is complete.

Yet people say that we know one another better than in the days when communication and travel were difficult! The trouble lies in the fact that as these facilities increase and our contacts become more universal, the freedom based on self-sufficiency has to give way to a new freedom based on understanding coöperation of many functions — an independence to be worked out in full recognition of our interdependence.

It was a recognition of the immediate importance of presenting this idea as the basis of a forward-looking rather than a retrospective fair that moved the directors of the 1939 New York World's Fair to approve a "World of Tomorrow" theme. There is so much necessary publicity about the magnitude of any coming world's fair that the public can hardly be made to believe that a serious social purpose can permeate both the plan and the execution of what is, after all, a colossal business venture. The celebration of an historical event (in this case the 150th anniversary of the assumption of the Presidency by George Washington) and the national and international trade objectives are taken for granted. But from the start of this particular project it appeared to

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us that the time had come when so great an expenditure of work and money must justify itself by something more than a vainglorious exhibition of the mechanical achievements of a century and a half. The economic and political distress of the present day suggested rather that we orientate ourselves toward the future and ask ourselves, "What way do we go from here?" We would do something toward progress if we recognized our mechanical blessings as tools whose use we have not yet learned.

What we designers started off with was to ask ourselves, "How can we make the average visitor to the Fair realize the import of some of the serious thought of the day?" The world of progressive social ideas is ordinarily restricted, in print, to editorial columns and the pages of magazines and weeklies rarely ever looked at by ninety per cent. of our citizens. What an opportunity a fair might have to present dynamically some of these ideas to millions of "men in the street." We are always showing them things in isolated categories. Why not exhibit the forces that connect them — the living ideas that alone make things useful or harmful?

Accordingly, the Fair designers could not divide it into such categories as science, art, agriculture, manufactures — the classic divisions of fairs for centuries. That would only perpetuate divisions convenient for technicians but not illuminating to laymen. We chose to make our major divisions more or less functional, the things with which the average man comes in contact in his everyday life — food, shelter, clothing, communications, education, transportation, etc. What is more, instead of isolating science and art, the planners would attempt to show them permeating all of these other things, as illustrations of their interpenetration into the functions of modern life.

At the entrance to each sector, there is to be a non-

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commercial "focal" or "key" exhibit illustrating to modern man its import, its connections with other sectors and the contributions to social service which it renders. As an illustration, the key exhibit in the Food Sector can show how the country family of a century ago was almost independent of urban activities. Living on a farm it had helpful coöperation from neighbors but, with the exception of books and luxuries, its members were able to produce almost everything needed — clothing, food, transportation, shelter, and light. Moreover, because of its manifold activities the home afforded all the necessary training in the arts that were needed, while the contacts with the neighboring community made for the human relations that were part of the economic and political scene.

Today, by contrast, whether the family lives in mansion or tenement house, the immediate neighborhood means nothing. A small part of one function is performed by each worker in the family, but everything else comes from some far distant point or is done for it by people the family does not know. The supplies for the simplest breakfast come to the family from a dozen sources — the milk on the doorstep from a farm a hundred miles away, the bread from wheat grown a thousand miles away, the pepper from the Far East. An infinite number of people near and far and marvelous mechanical appliances serve the family, so that instead of the 16-hour day's work which was required from each worker to sustain the family we are freed to the extent of 8 hours. But for what? The Key Exhibit asks the question and attempts to give the answer, but it also asks if men are aware that the new freedom requires for its perpetuation a recognition of the involved community of interests which makes it possible.

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This broad purpose was described to Mr. H. G. Wells during his visit some months ago, after he had made a tour of the grounds. He was told that we had attempted an arrangement based on function — that we wanted the Fair to mean something understandable to the man who is ordinarily indifferent to serious discussion; and that the apparent isolation of science, art, commerce, and agriculture would disappear in our plan. "In the modern world," we explained, "science is everywhere — commerce is everywhere — art should be in everything. These things for the layman cannot be isolated. They must be shown as interpenetrating. Why not, therefore, provide exhibits in categories that mean something to this average man — shelter, clothing, food, communication, transportation, production and distribution? If we can only make the average citizen understand that back of every practical application of science to his everyday needs, there is a world of non-objective research; men digging away at the discovery of some new truth without any idea of its immediate or remote application — if that could be done in the field of science, for instance, how much more willing would legislatures be to support pure research." He was told that we are by no means trying to mirror what he had done in his books, namely to picture the actual form of the world of tomorrow; that any attempt at a physical portrayal of such an ideal would be a mistake. The designers of the Fair this year are only trying to show the average visitor what things are available to him and, above all, what ideas and forces are at work which he should recognize as potential tools with which he, with his fellow men, would build it.

Mr. Wells praised these objectives. "In what I have just heard there is more commonsense than has been spoken in my presence for many a year."

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The most striking, perhaps, of the many illustrations of the Fair's theme will be found in a dramatic exhibit being built into the great Perisphere at the center of the project. The spectator will find himself on one of the two galleries which gradually revolve as they move the visitor from the entrance to the exit. As he is moved around he will be looking down on a panorama showing an imaginary settlement of the immediate future formed by a group of settlements. Immediately below will be a city with its centers of culture, education, and government. In the near distance, yet separated by belts of green, will be satellite settlements devoted to manufacturing, mining, milling, shipping, and other industries, each of these with suitable housing for its workers and management. In the further distance, almost at the horizon, he will see the areas of farm and cattle-raising country. Between all of these there will be the suggestion of road and transport interconnections. The aim is an illustration of the fact that the city is producing many necessaries for the farmer and the farmer for the city, and that each of the areas of the new integrated life is dependent on all of the others for the welfare of the individuals engaged in any one of the functions that comprise it.

To what extent these ideas will impress Fair visitors remains to be seen. Whatever may be the success of the attempt to do more than produce an exciting exposition of international scope, it will repay the effort even if a modest percentage of the millions of visitors get an inkling of the basic democratic idea which has inspired much of the project — the idea of illustrating in a popular way a vision of an approach toward economic and political peace.

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A Rural Miniature —
Etched in Acid

# Why I Hate the Country

*By* ZEH BOUCK

IT IS NOT, of course, literally true that I hate the country. Certainly I do not hate the tidal wave of buttercup, giant dandelion, orange and yellow arnica that veritably inundates the shack where I am writing at this very moment. Canute-like, I neither would nor could stay one minute ripple stirred by a wind emancipated from the distant city — any more than I'd rip out twigs and straw from the wrens' nest under the tar-paper rain shed twelve feet away. What I hate are the contrasting elements of a rural life utterly devoid of beauty.

Country living was probably idealized long before Goldsmith wrote the *Deserted Village*. The legend of rustic goodness has been carried on torch-wise for centuries. In the last decade, professional writers, several of them well known, have deserted the paved turmoil of the city for the quietude of the country. "A place in the country where I can really write" has long possessed an allure which needed only the depression to force into reality. These authors have haloed our rural citizenry, populating the villages and farms with Uncle Ezras, Lums and Abners. They doubtless wrote with some sincerity — probably now succeeded with a disillusionment the literary pos-



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sibilities of which are hamstrung by the necessity for a reversed decision!

Countryfolk, innately, are no worse than others. A city doctor would hardly think of discussing with one patient the ailments of another — except anonymously and as of academic interest, — nor would all country doctors, particularly those fresh from interneship. But the tendency to gossip is ingrained within them and augmented by an unlimited reservoir of choice material. Permit the country doctor to vegetate for a decade or two and he is as trustworthy as a party line.

When we first came to the country, we brought with us our infant son, Paul, who had been suffering almost from birth with chronic bronchitis. I thought it desirable for a local doctor to get acquainted with the youngster. After a cursory examination, he was inspired by Paul's case history to discourse on another child who had been sickly from birth. The father's name was mentioned — a man with whom I expected to have some dealing, and whose wife might be available for general housework. This representative of the medical profession described in detail how the father had contracted syphilis, how he had infected his wife and how many jabs of neo-salvarsan he had shoved into his buttocks. The story was interesting, but despite this, and the fact that Wassermann's on our family have always checked negative, we have never called in this doctor again — except for a minor cold or a sore toe.

I have rarely heard a native say a decent or complimentary thing about another. If they know nothing actually bad about a neighbor — his ancestors, relatives or descendants — they will raise their eyebrows and wrinkle their noses in a thousand implications. If they feel this way about fellow aborigines, it is not difficult to imagine

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their attitude toward strangers — "foreigners." An energetic family migrated to our community from out west, bought property, put up a tourist sign and opened a modest but good restaurant. Filling in with odd jobs and working night and day, the father of the family began to get ahead — the surest way of making oneself *persona non grata* in the average rural environment. He did a bit of work for me, and I once asked him how he liked his neighbors. He told me this story.

A salesman came into his restaurant one day and ordered a sandwich. His wife made up a ham sandwich for the customer which he devoured. Still hungry, he asked for a different kind of sandwich, and the wife fried a hamburger. Apparently the guest's hunger was not yet appeased for he ordered a still different variety; the woman folded a generous slice of chicken between the bread. After he had finished this, the salesman inquired if she had any other kinds of sandwiches. She thought there was something wrong and said:

"Why, yes. I could make you a cheese sandwich, or an egg sandwich or a ham and egg sandwich. But wouldn't you prefer a dinner? I can fix you a nice steak or chicken with French fries and a salad in just a jiffy. Was there something wrong with the sandwiches?"

"No, indeed," assured the customer. "Never eaten better. Though I wish I had known about the dinner before. But tell me, have you any boloney sandwiches?"

"No," the proprietress answered. "I'm sorry, but that's the only kind of sandwich I can't give you. We don't have much call for boloney."

"Well, I didn't want one anyway. But I was selling some goods over at the store across the street, and I asked the woman there if there was any place nearby where I could get a bite to eat. She said that there

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wasn't a place nearer than twelve miles. I saw your sign and asked her about this place. She told me the only thing I could get here was a boloney sandwich, and to watch out for that."

As a matter of fact, within five hundred feet of the store at which the salesman inquired, there were at least four places where an excellent meal could have been obtained!

THE STORY that authors (female particularly) like to tell about the party line concerns a member of the family (usually a child) who is suddenly taken ill. A call is put through to the doctor, only to find that he is attending a confinement far up in the hills and that there is no way of getting in touch with him. As the tale goes, Samanthy Tittertalk is listening in on the party line patiently waiting to do someone a good turn. Having treated innumerable children for the same ailment, she recognizes the symptoms and makes a diagnosis. Her heart overflowing with the joy of serving, Samanthy breaks in on the conversation and tells the mother to douse the child in a bath of steaming water. The infant's life is saved.

It is really touching, as one puts in a telephone call from our farm to Centerville ten miles away, to hear the successive clicks as each Good Samaritan along Route 81 picks up the receiver. Of course it does make conversation somewhat difficult, the voices being weakened with each additional circuit. It is like trying to dip water with a sieve. And then again the de-amplified voice is completely drowned out by three or four radios. However, by ringing through several times, with slight intervals, and talking swiftly before the first aid squad mobilizes, it is not difficult to accomplish one's purpose.

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When we first moved to the country, my mother (also recently from the city) lived on a farm quite a way from town; we were located a mile and a half away. My mother did most of her marketing in Centerville by phone. One day I stopped by a neighbor, and, in the course of conversation, she asked me how my mother was coming along. I replied that while she was up and around, mother was feeling none too well.

"Humph-ph-ph," said the neighbor with her best Good Samaritan inflection. "There ain't nothin' the matter with her. She eats too much, that's all. What can you expect with her stuffin' herself like that? You should hear what she orders from the grocery store every other day!"

It is true that the country folk do hold out the hand to those migrating from the city — but the palm is itching for every cent they can gouge out of you. If you are from the city, it is *prima facie* evidence that you have money (it never occurs to your neighbors that you may be dead broke and moved to the country with the fallacious idea that it might be cheaper living there) and the price of everything — to you — goes up, from eggs to rental. It is still worse if you happen to be an author. The aborigines have two points of view regarding writers. One is that every writer makes fabulous money. And as no one ever sees an author at his typewriter, the other group maintains that he never works, and therefore must be wealthy. In either case, you will be rated at about fifty thousand dollars — and will pay accordingly.

Your neighbors will awaken you in the middle of the night to use your phone. They will ask you to fix their radios, drive them to town, do their marketing for them, pick up packages at the express office, mail their letters — in short do all the things that, theoretically, a good

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neighbor should do. In return you will pay a rent of $25 a month for a place that has never been rented for more than $10.

You will be short-weighted on butter, and will pay higher than store prices for everything you buy. If eggs can be bought in Centerville for 30 cents a dozen, your neighbor would rather make the round trip of twenty miles to the village to sell his or her eggs to the store for 20 cents, than to sell them to you at a compromise and neighborly price of 25 cents. And when you pay your neighbor 30 cents a dozen, the chances are you will be buying pullet eggs that weren't worth taking to town. If the store price of eggs rises to 31 cents, you will immediately be charged 31 cents — without consulting the hens on the matter of supply and demand. If the price drops to 28 cents you will be charged 28 cents — when and if you find out about it.

THE TREATMENT we have received in the country should really be less discouraging than the average, because we are not actually foreigners. There is not a cemetery in the broad stretch of Schoharie County, N. Y., that does not bear the marble weight of our family tombstones. There was a Governor Bouck of New York State who lived a few miles from Centerville, to the south of the valley, near Bouck's Falls and Bouck's Island. My grandfather, a large landowner, lived in Centerville, and was a deacon in the Methodist church. A few doors away from his Grove Street home there lived a fellow deacon with whose kids I used to play as a youngster.

My grandfather died while I was still in my teens, but I saw the surviving deacon on and off during my frequent trips to the country. I had every reason to consider him a friend, and saw quite a bit more of him when we

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made a more definite break with the city. I did him several favors, and gladly accepted when he invited me to be guest speaker at the College Club dinner. I spoke my best for him that night — waiving my usual fee, and without so much as a cocktail. Later, when the deacon got himself into a jam with a very much younger woman, gave her a diamond ring and financed her divorce junket to Reno, we all wrote him a congratulatory note as he squirmed out of the mess in court.

I happen to have a friend (momentarily leaving the good deacon to his amatory katzenjammer) living in the nearby village of Schoharie who is a radio expert. Being a radio engineer of sorts, I have written a million words or so on radio, and my friend has occasionally supplied me with material. One winter, shortly before Christmas, he told me that he was planning to install a public address system in the belfry of the church, to pick up the chimes and broadcast them with all the grandeur of a carillon. I considered it an excellent idea, and he promised me photographs of the setup. When these ultimately came through I wrote a short article — waxed mildly poetic about the village of Schoharie, echoes across the valley, and the yuletide spirit ringing clear in the winter air!

The article appeared in a national magazine, and shortly thereafter I began to notice a certain lack of enthusiasm on the part of the deacon when he'd see me. I soon found out that the deacon had contributed toward the purchase of the church chimes, and that, quite innocently, I had made an error in locating the church in Schoharie. Actually it had been the deacon's own — the Centerville Methodist — church that had tintinnabulated with Christmas spirit and had rung out the old and rung in the new!

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I hastened to apologize to the deacon, but probably made matters worse by explaining in my letter that while I had passed his church hundreds of times, I had never been inside nor taken a good look at it, and therefore did not notice the discrepancy in the photographs. The deacon never acknowledged my letter — directly.

Several months later I heard from divers sources that the cop in Centerville was on the lookout for me; that there had been complaints of my speeding and reckless driving on the village streets, and that, unless I cared to inspect the Centerville jail, I had better watch my step. I became increasingly incensed as I tracked down the tale and found that it was only one of several that were being told about me and my driving. The most definite story described how my mother, disturbed by the fast driving past her farm, had complained several times to the state police, and a trooper had been detailed to patrol the concrete highway for a mile or so on each side of her property. As the story went, the first driver to be picked up was myself — and it cost me a ten-dollar fine!

By that time I was slightly more than perturbed. I have driven well over 150,000 miles — including two round trips to Florida — but have never been arrested or received a summons in my life. It was easy enough to determine that my mother had never made any complaint to the state police; and from that point on I was relentless in uncovering the source of scandal. My first real clue was the discovery that the church deacon had informed several people that I was not fit to drive a car. The rest was simple and the trail of all the stories led directly to that pillar of the church. Confronted with the evidence, and threatened with action, he confessed to every point of scandal, but assured me that he had meant no harm, and had only repeated what he had heard from

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the village constable. Heading the deacon off, I got to the constable first and asked him what he knew. He admitted that he had heard the rumors — but only from the deacon!

I saw the deacon leave church the other day — "with meek and unaffected grace, his looks adorned the venerable place."

IN THE COUNTRY one finds this same malice — this cordial hatred of everyone who may not think alike — underlying and garnishing the most simple acts of life.

There are exceptions, of course. There is the Russian Pole from whom we buy vegetables and eggs — whose prices have always been fair and square and often leaning in our favor. There is the Czech farmer who supplies us with chickens and ducks, who always throws in something extra in the way of parsley — and now and then a bottle of home-made wine. These two are foreigners, not yet infected by the meanness that rises, miasma-like, from the surrounding countryside. There are natives also that I call friendly, but they are largely those leading semi-urban lives: the head of the telephone company, an attorney, a member of the state legislature, the grocer, the druggist, a gas station attendant.

I am still living in the country. So far, mother nature has more than compensated human nature. But I shall endeavor not to die here. My ashes shall not mingle with the dust of other Boucks. Of course it won't make much difference after I am sifted into the urn — but I should prefer not troubling my terminal hours with thoughts of incidental obits.

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Why Are We Dubious
about Hawaii?

# Hawaii Pleads for Statehood

WALKER MATHESON

STRATEGICALLY PLACED, and literally the crossroads of the Pacific, the Hawaiian Islands have the distinction of being farther from a main body of land than any other surface on the globe: San Francisco is 2,091 nautical miles away; Yokohama, 3,394 miles; Manila, 4,838 miles; Sydney, Australia, 4,420, and Panama, 4,685. The closest land of all, strangely enough, is one of the Aleutian Islands of Alaska, which alone shares with Hawaii the status of a territory of the United States. As an integral and inseparable part of this country, Hawaii is knocking loudly at the door of the Union for admission into the sisterhood of states, and back of that demand is a story of international intrigues, royal romance, revolution, and a racial experiment that has made of the islands the Melting Pot for the East and West.

The agitation for statehood goes back more than 80 years, to 1854, in the reign of King Kamehameha III. At that time annexation proceedings had started, and we seemed willing to accept Hawaii as the thirty-first State. We had been friendly to the little constitutional monarchy from its founding. The arrival of the first group of missionaries from New England — more particularly Connecticut and Massachusetts — in 1820, followed later by



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Americans from the Middle Atlantic States, had already set the character of Hawaiian civilization along American lines. The early acceptance of Christianity by the Hawaiian people, and the high confidence in which the Kings held the early missionaries, gave us great power during the formative years of the monarchy, as against British and other influences.

The American Navy was another powerful force in keeping Hawaii out of foreign hands. As early as 1826 United States Navy officers, then practically roving ambassadors of their country, were advising the native government, acting as referees in disputes involving foreigners and the government, and supporting law and order "against those who would like to leave the Ten Commandments behind them when they entered the Pacific."

Daniel Webster, as Secretary of State, in 1842 paved the way for recognition of Hawaiian independence by declaring:

"The sense of the Government of the United States was that the Government of the Sandwich Islands ought to be respected; that no Power ought to take possession of the islands, either as a conquest or for the purpose of colonization; and that no Power ought to seek for any undue control over the existing government or any exclusive privilege of preferences in matters of commerce. . . ."

The same sentiments were expressed in President Tyler's message to Congress on December 30, 1842, and in the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations written by John Quincy Adams. This strong stand led England and France jointly to declare that:

"Taking into consideration the existence in the Sandwich Islands of a government capable of providing for

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the regularity of its relations with foreign nations, they have thought it right to engage reciprocally to consider the Sandwich Islands as an independent State, and never take possession, either directly or under the title of a protectorate or under any other form, of any part of the territory of which they are composed."

THE FIRST formal efforts for annexation of Hawaii, as has been said, were made in 1854 when President Pierce instructed Secretary of State Marcy to commission D. L. Gregg to represent the United States in Hawaii and to negotiate a treaty of annexation with King Kamehameha III. The treaty was to provide for the admission of Hawaii eventually "enjoying the same degree of sovereignty as other States of the Union."

The treaty was never ratified. Kamehameha III died and his successor, Kamehameha IV, was not interested, because the Hawaiians insisted upon being admitted immediately into the Union as a state and not as a territory.

Thus the matter of statehood lay dormant, the general attitude of the American Secretaries of State, following Secretary Marcy, being that the United States had a particular interest in Hawaii, and would not let any other Power take the control of the Kingdom. American industry and commerce, meanwhile, had come to dominate the islands. Hawaii provided the California pioneers with wheat and flour, and the Californians, lacking schools of their own, sent their children to Hawaii to be educated by the Boston and New Haven missionary teachers. In 1876 a treaty of reciprocity was signed that made Hawaii practically a unit of American economy. During the discussions of that treaty King Kalakaua, passing through on a world tour, appeared on

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the floor of the Forty-third Congress in Washington, and exchanged compliments with the Speaker.

The reciprocal treaty gave the people of Hawaii a sense of security in their commerce with the United States, bringing about further development of its principal industry, sugar. When the treaty was renewed in 1887, the United States secured the right to establish a naval base at Pearl Harbor, today one of the mightiest naval stations in the world. France and Britain, whom we had accused several times in the past of trying to dominate the island kingdom under threat of force, were naturally suspicious of this move. They sought a guarantee of the neutrality and independence of the Hawaiian Islands. With high moral unction Washington declared that such a guarantee was not necessary.

Six years later, however, a revolution took place. Queen Liliuokalani (sister of Kalakaua) was deposed, and the Republic of Hawaii established, with Sanford B. Dole (cousin of the gigantic pineapple industry's founder) as President. Immediately after the dethronement of the Queen, on January 17, 1893, President Dole dispatched commissioners to Washington to negotiate a treaty with the United States "by the terms of which full and complete political union may be secured between the United States and the Hawaiian Islands." President Harrison approved of the principles of annexation, but Secretary of State Foster, while not averse to admitting Hawaii to statehood, pointed out that admission would occasion debate and delay, and suggested an annexation treaty provided that Hawaii "be incorporated into the United States as an integral part thereof."

President Harrison was pleased with the treaty and, in transmitting it to the Senate on February 15, 1893, said:

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"Only two courses are now open, one the establishment of a protectorate by the United States, and the other annexation full and complete . . . I think the latter course . . . is the only one that will adequately secure the interests of the United States."

President Harrison's term expired on March 3, 1893, before any action was taken on the treaty. When the question came up again, his successor, President Cleveland, suspected a frame-up on the part of American commercialists to set up a puppet American colony. He withdrew the treaty from the Senate and sent a commission to Honolulu to ascertain the facts. The commission quickly discovered that the Hawaiian revolution was promoted by American interests wanting to have Hawaii enrolled as a State, and supported by American armed forces who raised the Stars and Stripes over the Royal Iolani Palace. So President Cleveland dropped all thought of annexation.

Almost immediately after the inauguration of President McKinley in 1897, however, the Republic of Hawaii sent a second commission to Washington to press for annexation and eventual statehood. The treaty was jammed through, and ratified in 1898 by a Joint Resolution of House and Senate. Meanwhile, war between the United States and Spain was brewing, and the Hawaiian Republic, disregarding every tenet of international law, put the port of Honolulu at the disposal of the American military transports and warships en route to the Philippines, laying itself open to possible reprisals from Spain. The battle of Manila Bay made Hawaii essential to the United States in the Pacific, and many observers believe that, had it not been for the Spanish-American War, the joint resolution of annexation of the American puppet republic would have failed to pass

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in the Congress. President Dole was appointed the first Governor, and the citizens of Hawaii, regardless of race, became citizens of the United States.

HAWAII'S FIGHT for statehood has been pressed continuously ever since. In the forty years since annexation, Hawaiian taxpayers have paid $150,000,000 into the United States Treasury in excess of what the Federal Government has appropriated for Hawaii. Eighty-one percent of the 400,000-odd residents are native-born — a larger percentage than in California or New York. Further, Hawaii is considerably ahead of many states in its social conditions: agricultural labor on the sugar plantations, for instance, receives a higher compensation than is paid agricultural labor on the average in the rest of the United States. Child labor has not been permitted for years.

As a customer of the mainland of the United States, Hawaii ranks fifth among the nations of the world, and tops thirteen foreign customers, including Mexico, Cuba, Belgium, Italy, Australia, Argentina, Brazil, China, Sweden and British India. Its annual purchases are more than *double* those of gigantic China with its 400,000,000 potential customers.

Hawaii therefore believes that it is entitled to be the forty-ninth State, feeling that it is just as much a part of the United States as any state on the mainland. As for size, it is larger than Connecticut, Rhode Island or Delaware. Its population is greater than that of Delaware, Nevada or Wyoming, and almost as large as that of Idaho, New Mexico or New Hampshire. Thus, neither size nor population holds Hawaii out of the flag's field of stars.

Besides, Hawaii had cost the United States nothing,

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whereas every other possession did, either in blood or gold. The Louisiana purchase was $3,750,000 (an almost astrological figure back in 1804); the accession of Florida from Spain in 1819 was thought worth $5,000,000; the Gadsden purchase cost $15,000,000 following the Mexican war of 1848, by which was ceded what is now southern Arizona and part of New Mexico. Alaska was purchased from Russia for $7,200,000 in 1867; and under the treaty of December 10, 1898, the United States paid Spain $20,000,000 for her relinquishment of all claims to the Philippines, Puerto Rico and Guam, while under a later treaty, the United States paid Spain an additional $100,000 for the outlying Philippine Islands. For the Danish West Indies — St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John, now known as the Virgin Islands — the United States paid $25,000,000. These tiny Caribbean dots, with a population of 23,000 have since been described as the "poorhouse of America," most of the islanders being on Federal relief. And the islands' trade, incidentally, is mostly with Denmark.

HAWAII KNOWS that it is the "Japanese problem" that is barring the islands from statehood, despite a decrease in the alien Japanese population and an increase in island-born Japanese. The argument is that if granted statehood, the Hawaiians might send Japanese to the Governor's Mansion, the House of Representatives in Washington, and possibly the Senate itself. This argument hardly jibes with our much flaunted democratic idea.

Hawaii does not deny that there is a preponderance of Japanese in the islands. It is proud of its Japanese population, and points out that since 1924, when Japan instituted a dual citizenship law by which everyone of Japanese blood born abroad could be registered at the

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Consulates as a subject of the Mikado, the great majority of Japanese have ignored the ruling. The second generation of Hawaiian-born Japanese became Americanized in speech and custom, scorned Japanese clothes, took up baseball. Those who had the money and who had been intrigued with their parents' stories of Japan, went there and then hurried back, sore at heart that they had been treated as foreigners rather than as Japanese in Japan.

It is obvious, then, that the third generation of Japanese in Hawaii is as Americanized as possible. Japanese language schools have been reduced a great deal in number. Testifying before a subcommittee of the House Committee on the Territories in Honolulu in 1935, Oren E. Long, superintendent of public instruction of the Territorial Schools, said:

"Our youth have a growing appreciation of our American institutions. They are conscious of their citizenship and take pride in it. I am certain of this: no greater compliment can be paid to them than to think of them as Americans; no greater insult than to question their loyalty."

The subcommittee on Territories, meeting at the Senate chambers of Iolani Palace, the Capitol Building of Hawaii, cocked antipathetic ears to Hawaii's statehood plea in 1935. Why? Surf riders, battling the combers off Waikiki Beach, thrilled the Congressmen; so did the hula dancers and the business of eating *poi* and pit and fish cooked in underground ovens. The Mighty Minds of Washington had been delighted with everything, but they had seen too many Japanese.

Not only had they seen Japanese, but they had heard a lot of adverse criticism about them — that they were all spies, working as servants on the Army posts and at

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the Navy bases; that the Emperor of Japan had secretly enrolled them as members of an army which, at the word of alarm, would seize the islands; that those who were not employed at Army-Navy posts were equipped to poison the water supply and do other dastardly deeds, including the disemboweling of all non-Japanese. The Congressmen sailed back to the American mainland and reported thumbs down on statehood for Hawaii.

Meanwhile, the city of Los Angeles thought it had a solution: if Hawaii wanted to become a part of the United States, the simplest thing to do was to incorporate it as part of the City of Los Angeles. That city, which had just succeeded in becoming a seaport by the expedient of annexing San Pedro, forty-odd miles away, and which already included some vast desert stretches, was then advertising itself as the "biggest city in the world." The inclusion of Hawaii, 2,100 miles away, would, the Los Angelenos thought, add considerably to its tourist bureau promotion list, which could include Waikiki Beach, frothing volcanoes, the prospect of skiing down Mauna Loa (13,675 feet, the eleventh highest peak in the world) into the tropical plains; and surf-board riding off treacherous Queen's Beach.

But Hawaii was unimpressed by the Los Angeles invitation. It had distinctions of its own — Honolulu is geographically the biggest city in the world, Midway Island, 1,000 miles westward, being incorporated within the City and County of Honolulu. Hawaii rejected the California offer with few thanks. It wanted to become a State.

On June 9, 1938, Delegate Samuel Wilder King introduced a bill in Congress to enable the people of Hawaii to enact a constitution, form a state government, and to

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be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original states. In August, 1937, both the House and Senate adopted a resolution for the appointment of a committee of twelve Senators and twelve Representatives to conduct a comprehensive study of statehood and other subjects relating to the welfare of Hawaii. They found the territory to be a modern unit of the American commonwealth, with a political, social and economic structure of the highest type. Sixty-seven witnesses, the majority of whom favored statehood, testified.

Due to the strategic location of Hawaii the Islands are of prime importance from a military standpoint, and as they are well fortified, a hostile country could not capture them except at the very highest expense. The Army is building its forces up to a strength of 25,000 officers and men, while the Naval force consists of approximately 4,000 officers and enlisted personnel. It costs annually about $35,000,000 to maintain the defenses of Hawaii.

It was the Japanese question again that arose in the course of the hearings on statehood, those opposing the idea citing the fact that the Japanese would probably be a menace to the safety of the country where, it was reported, they were ready to organize their own army, and conduct an internal war at the back door of the forts themselves.

Testifying in favor of statehood and terming the Japanese "menace" absurd, Louis S. Cain, Superintendent of Public Works of the Territory, summed up the Japanese problem thus:

"In these discussions the word Japan is not commonly used, but it is such common knowledge that we might as well use it. There is no other Oriental Power which would have sufficient strength even to dream of such a thing. I would like to discuss a rather divergent, but what

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I consider a practical, view of that question. Japan is the only major Power not Caucasian. Now, Japan has suffered from race prejudice and discrimination more than any other Power. She knows what it is too well. She knows better than we do the futility of even so much as considering occupying the west coast of the United States and running it as a colony of Japan. It would be too impractical. It would not work. She knows that better than we do, too. And the Islands themselves are not worth the major conflict their conquest would precipitate. I am urging the temperance of the military hysteria over fear of attack by Japan on these islands. I am contented the great numbers of us here have no fear of secret and organized societies of Japanese whose object is to rise up and take the Islands for Japan. We who live here and know these people have no fear on the question of dual citizenry of the Americans of Japanese ancestry. I have never heard any question raised as to the dual citizenship of British, French, or certain other nationalities."

The discussions of Japanese in the Islands recalled an interesting historical fact that in 1881 King Kalakaua, on a voyage around the world, was the guest of the Emperor Mutsuhito. In the course of a secret interview a matrimonial alliance between the Japanese Imperial family and the royal Hawaiian family was proposed, and the King suggested that his niece, Princess Kaiulani and heir to the throne, would wed into the Japanese house. At that time Princess Kaiulani was only six years old and the Japanese Prince whom the King had in mind was a youth of fifteen and a student at a Japanese naval academy.

The Japanese Emperor declined the proposition so as not to aid in any scheme which might impair the "sphere of American influence over Hawaii." At that time King

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Kalakua was fearful regarding the future of his kingdom in the face of increasing Occidental population.

The Japanese problem, in the discussions on statehood, was brought up again with regard to the loyalty of the Japanese should the United States become involved in a war. It was pointed out that during the World War the Japanese flocked to enlist into the American Army, none of them waiting for the draft and none of them claiming exemption, although nearly all were heads of large families. Not all of the Japanese were accepted, but out of the total of 11,000 non-citizen Japanese and 596 Hawaii-born Japanese who volunteered to enlist, a company was formed of the first regiment of the Hawaiian National Guards, and was the first Japanese military unit under the American flag. In October, 1917, typhoid germs were discovered in the water supply and Honolulu authorities requested the Governor to place guards around the reservoirs. It was the Japanese company that was called upon for this duty, probably the first American "activity" in the World War. The Japanese further showed their patriotism toward their adopted country when they over-subscribed all five issues of Liberty Loans, amounting to approximately $20,000,000. The question of Japanese patriotism toward the United States in the event of a war with Japan has fortunately never had to be tested.

At the General Election in Hawaii in 1940 a plebiscite will probably be held on the statehood question. What the vote will be is certain; what the United States will do about it remains to be seen. The Hawaiians will be satisfied if we practice toward them the democracy we preach at home.

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An Objective Appraisal
of Recent Radical
Writing in America

# A Critique of Proletarian Literature

*By* R. W. STEADMAN

AMERICAN LABOR, unlike European labor, has distrusted intellectualism and intellectuals. Our workers have generally sought their leaders from among themselves, and been very cold to advice from book folk, even when it was offered to them, which, until very recently, was not often. Daniel DeLeon was perhaps the only university man ever to achieve continuous leadership in American labor, and the only labor leader in the European sense that this country has produced. Lenin had a large respect for him. Yet his influence cannot be compared with the influence of Eugene V. Debs, Bill Haywood, and Samuel Gompers, all manual workers however unlike they were otherwise.

But this does not mean that American toilers have not made use of the literary instrument in their struggles. The Molly Maguires were cheered by the robust ballads of their miner-bards, and the Wobblies of more recent date developed a copious literature of their own. Their papers — among them, the *New Solidarity*, the *Wire-City Weekly*, the *Industrial Worker*, the *Can-Opener* — were filled with songs composed by themselves or borrowed from the liberal press. Some of the songs, naturally, had no more quality than jingles, but others, particularly those written



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by Ralph Chaplin, Arturo Giovannitti, and Joe Hill, were genuinely stirring and memorable.

They were proletarian in both origin and intent, but they did not represent a proletarian movement in American literature. They were for the most part sporadic, local, and ephemeral. The *Comrade*, revived in 1901, and later the *Masses*, might have become the directing forces of a proletarian literature, but the first was too short-lived and inclined to be a bit too political and heavy-handed, and the second, for all its many excellences, was, so to speak, university-bred and sympathetically condescending toward the very people it otherwise championed bravely, openly, and whole-heartedly. The two magazines were really more Bohemian than proletarian. But very likely both of them could not have done more than they did, because the country for some reason or other was not in the mood to produce proletarian literature. A major depression, it seems, was needed. Even the *New Masses* wandered somewhat aimlessly for more than two years after its establishment.

The guiding spirit of the proletarian movement, when it finally did come, was Michael Gold, who for years had been composing a feeble but continuous series of "workers'" plays, poems, and stories. His *Jews Without Money* was the first major proletarian work to receive wide attention. It was published in 1928, just before the depression, and heralded the birth of the entire proletarian movement in the arts. Mr. Gold is nowadays looked upon as little more than "the movement's great amateur" (to quote Granville Hicks, the chief radical critic), but without his steadfast championing of the radical point of view for some fifteen years preceding *Jews Without Money*, proletarian literature would not be what it is today. If he did nothing else, he made it just as

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fashionable to be a proletarian writer as a Bohemian dilettante.

SINCE 1928 WHAT has this proletarian literature produced? Some fifty novels, several hundred poems, and a dozen plays. The quality of it all is not very high. As is true of all American literature, the radical short stories are better than the novels, and the poetical output has only two or three pieces to show of memorable merit. In the case of the plays the only one that has artistic stature is Clifford Odets' *Waiting For Lefty*. But before continuing with general remarks, let us look more deeply into the proletarian work itself.

Such works as Edward Newhouse's *You Can't Sleep Here*, Clara Weatherwax's *Marching! Marching!*, Jack Conroy's *A World to Win* and *The Disinherited*, Myra Page's *Gathering Storm*, Tom Kromer's *Waiting For Nothing*, and Arnold Armstrong's *Parched Earth* need not detain us long. They are full of radical homiletics and devoid of creative imagination. The dreariness and hopelessness of farmers' and workers' lives are described with such party zeal that no room is left for the shooting moments of tender reverie that come with the occasional rays of sunshine that enter even into the most secret dungeons. Moreover, the aforementioned volumes are full of out-of-character speeches endorsing strikes, the Soviet Union, the Communist Party, etc. In their endeavor to be raucously sympathetic with the trials and tribulations of the downtrodden, the radical writers have forgotten the glaring fact that most farmers and workers are immensely ignorant of what brought on their plight and even more ignorant of the dogmas of official Communism. Their books are thus as dishonest in their way as the books of Kathleen Norris are in theirs.

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Then comes a class of writers with considerably more skill. To it belong Josephine Herbst, Grace Lumpkin, William Rollins, Edward Dahlberg, Nelson Algren, Robert Cantwell, Nathan Asch, the later Waldo Frank, Albert Halper, Isidor Schneider, and Michael Gold. Miss Herbst's *The Executioner Waits* is a decided advance over her previous two books, *Nothing Is Sacred* and *Money For Love*. She has learned to give more body to her characters and more fluidity to her situations. Her work, however, is still somewhat mechanical. About the same is true of Mr. Cantwell, whose *The Land of Promise* shows far more promise than his *Laugh and Lie Down*. Erskine Caldwell's work is proletarian in content and honest as far as it goes, but it is not instinct with imagination. He does not seem to be able to transmute a group of incidents into a fictional whole. Even as a writer of mere incident he has declined. Bald and generally pointless as *Tobacco Road* was, *Journeyman* is merely an amalgam of humorless obscenity. *God's Little Acre* falls somewhere in between. All that can be said for it is that it is the least unsuccessful of his fictional books.

Mr. Halper's *The Foundry* is better organized than *Union Square*, but though his artistic integrity is large, he still does not seem to be at home in the novel form. He is more successful with his short stories. The case of Edward Dahlberg is somewhat tragic. More the poet than the fiction writer, he loses himself in bizarre locutions, so that much of what he has to say — a good deal of it highly original — is lost in prolix unintelligibility. Waldo Frank suffers from the same defect. *The Death and Birth of David Markand* is a curious mixture of metaphysical nonsense and very high literary sensitivity. William Rollins' *The Shadow Before* and Grace Lumpkin's *To Make My Bread* are full of solid chapters, but as wholes they

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seem to be bathed in what, for lack of a better phrase, has to be called tragic triviality.

Michael Gold's *Jews Without Money* made a national impression when it was first published. It describes the agonies, the domestic tendernesses, and the hopeless and aimless aspirations of the East Side Jews, and contains one memorable portrait, that of Mr. Gold's mother. The ending of the book, however, reads like a soap-box harangue, and the writing is occasionally Fannie Hurstish in both manner and content. An example of this is the long description of the size of the cockroaches in Mr. Gold's childhood home, and his insistence that they were bigger than the cockroaches in Park Avenue homes. His straining for effect sometimes also leads him into writing untruths. The cafeteria in which his mother worked, he says, and in which the food was "fit only for pigs . . . was one of those super-cafeterias, with flowers on the tables, a string orchestra during the lunch hour, and other trimmings." This sort of cafeteria, of course, existed only in Mr. Gold's imagination.

THERE REMAIN to be considered the novels of James T. Farrell and Fielding Burke. Mr. Farrell is at the moment the proletarian novelist most in the public eye. His Studs Lonigan trilogy has won for itself extraordinary praise in a widening circle, and his *A World I Never Made*, the first in another series, has aroused the admiration, not only of the radical reading public but of a number of conservative critics. The three Lonigan books deal with the childhood, youth, young manhood, and death of a Chicago tough. They are vastly overwritten, and none of the characters ever comes to life. The sheer writing is bad, and the display of creative imagination is embarrassing. The same defects mar *A World I Never Made.*

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The scope of the book is admirable. It takes in a somewhat neglected aspect of proletarian metropolitan life — the heartbreak of the undermen, founded upon economic despair and reinforced by faith in the spiritual aspirin of Holy Mother Church. There are no heroes and no heroines in the book, and no out-of-character speeches endorsing the Soviet Union, strikes, picketing, etc. Jim O'Neill is a hard-working truck-driver, who believes in the Democratic Party, the Catholic dogma and ritual, the Americanism of his employers, the chastity and devotion of his slatternly wife Lizz, and the future. He has more children than he can afford, is embittered by the dreadful squalor of his home life, and is so hard pressed financially that he is forced to send his seven-year-old son Danny to live with his maternal grandmother, Mrs. O'Flaherty. Her two bachelor sons are good to her, but her unmarried daughter, Margaret, carries on with a Protestant married man, goes on periodical drunks, and in general is a trial. Both households, the O'Neills and the O'Flahertys, are in constant terrific turmoil, punctuated by raucous self-pity and mutual cursing of the most picturesque Rabelaisian kind. Both households are described, for the most part, through the eyes of little Danny, whose pre-adolescent duplicities and sexual yearnings Mr. Farrell reports at great length. The time of the whole story is August-Christmas, 1911.

The saga of Danny O'Neill is the saga of Studs Lonigan made a bit more complicated by the introduction of another family circle. Their economic backgrounds, religious environments, and psychological patterns are the same. At bottom Danny O'Neill is no more than a rewrite of Studs Lonigan, and once again, as in the innumerable repetitions of the first trilogy, we have proof that Mr. Farrell has a poor imagination, of small breadth

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and of short flight. But there is proof of something more serious, namely, that Mr. Farrell still doesn't know how to create character. Jim O'Neill, Danny, Lizz, Mrs. O'Flaherty, Margaret, Al, and Ned read like Sunday supplement people, that is, like dummies smeared with indiscriminate detail and sentimentalism. Not one of them is a predictable character, which is to say, not one of them is a character at all, but a summation of details. Mr. Farrell writes about his people as an accountant, not as a selective novelist, with a sharp insight into the revealing bits of conversation and action which illuminate a whole set of motives, a whole personality. His characters insist for hundreds of tedious pages on being recognized as living entities, but they do not impress, they are not memorable.

Mr. Farrell tries hard enough, and sometimes too hard, to be the realist which his admirers think he is. He lingers for hours in the bedroom, in the saloon, in the hotel lobby, and puts down on paper everything he hears and sees and thinks he hears and sees, but his artistic incompetence always fails him, and sometimes drives him into sheer dishonesty. As for Mr. Farrell's writing, it is as disgraceful as ever — sloppy, repetitious, ungrammatical, and preposterous. The book could easily have been cut by two-thirds, and certainly the publisher's office should have done something about this sort of English:

"'Mother?' he said, askingly."

"He turned. He walked on unsure legs to the dining-room table. He stood in a corner. He looked askingly at her. She knew that he wanted her to watch him, and she watched."

Mr. Farrell's experience is obviously rich with material fit for grand proletarian fiction, but he cannot create character, he cannot write, he cannot organize, and he is false to the dummy people he puts on paper.

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FIELDING BURKE, easily the most accomplished of proletarian novelists, differs from Mr. Farrell almost as much as anybody could. She can create character by the chapter, she can write succinctly and movingly, and she knows when a proletarian situation belongs imaginatively to a character and when it doesn't. Her *Call Home the Heart* suffers somewhat from too much sheer personality and too little background. But in *A Stone Came Rolling* she achieved a greater coalescence between the two, and produced what is on the whole the best radical novel yet written in the United States. The action takes place in the South. Miss Burke shows that she knows that part of the country as few other fiction writers know it, certainly far better than Erskine Caldwell, and what she has to say about the people down there is extraordinarily mature, full-blooded, and delicately sympathetic.

The story of *A Stone Came Rolling* is simple enough. Dunmow is a typical Southern town — religious, impoverished, and desperate. One of the leading mill owners, Bly Emberson, is gifted with a considerable native intelligence and good-heartedness, but he is also cursed with Verna, his wife, who is pious but sensuous, logical but stupid, and most aggravatingly solicitous about her family. Naturally, she is a snob. Her soul is full of many petty but violent resentments — against her son, Martin, for being in love with Fairinda, daughter of Tom Jeff, a broken down farmer; against her daughter because she has married Bliss, a mere worker; and most of all against her husband Bly, because he sees a lot of sense and charm in Ishma, wife of Britt, and an uncompromising radical. In the end Bly commits suicide, Britt is killed by a reactionary hoodlum, and Ishma returns to her former home, where Miss Burke leaves her dying as the result of wounds suffered in a strike.

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All of the characters are expertly handled, particularly Ishma, Verna, Bly, and Britt. The labor situations are even more competently portrayed. Miss Burke does not see the class struggle as a conflict between villains and angels, but between stupidity and selfishness, on the one hand, and desperation and hunger, on the other.

The book, to repeat, is a very able performance. Ishma comes out of it one of the most magnificent characters in contemporary American proletarian fiction. The volume's faults are largely the faults of Miss Burke's art as a whole. It lacks unity of structure and is somewhat overwritten. But these are all minor criticisms. Miss Burke seems to have so many of the potentialities of a major artist that her next book should prove a literary event of importance.

THE OUTPUT of proletarian short stories has naturally been greater than the output of proletarian novels, and the quality among the good ones has been higher. Albert Halper's *My Four Brothers Who Are Honest Men* and *A Herring For My Uncle* are bits of artistic excellence, and will no doubt be read for many years. Tillie Lerner's story, *The Iron Throat*, is not only a superb technical work; it is full of a pain approaching the timeless misery of the anonymous masses. Through the delicate reveries and fragile heartbreak of a child, a whole world of fear and tenderness and hopelessness is revealed. What it means to be a miner and a miner's daughter has never been put on paper so successfully in so short a space.

Perhaps the most sophisticated of the proletarian stories is Philip Stevenson's *Death of a Century*. It is a portrait of the death of a hundred-year-old multimillionaire, who lives in the seclusion of his castle, nourished by human milk and glorified by his publicity agent's lies regarding

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his robustness and optimism. The castle is attacked by a group of workers, who finally make the butler Buttons reveal to them that the old, leathery James T. Hamstringer has for three years been kept alive by the milk of a wet nurse.

These stories, with very few additions, constitute the entire list of really good proletarian short stories. Brief as it is, it is longer than the list of good proletarian poems and plays. Proletarian poetry, with one exception, is generally pretty raucous, false, and stilted, and occasionally over-sentimental. Kenneth Fearing, Kenneth Patchen, and Edwin Rolfe, particularly the last, show the most likelihood of achieving better work than they have so far done, but the others, including Michael Gold and Isidor Schneider, have so far to go before they come out of their *goddamn* and *hungry-breast* stages that one has doubts about their future. The one proletarian poet who has added to the store of American verse is Langston Hughes. He has grown enormously since his first book, *Weary Blues*, and at last has found his field, that of the ballad. His *Ballad of Lenin* offers a good example of his talent.

THE NUMBER of proletarian plays is small, and their quality is generally middling and worse. *Stevedore*, by Paul Peters and George Sklar, has its moments but somehow it doesn't convince. Mr. Albert Maltz's *The Pit* is more successful, but it too is lacking in the drama of men and women as such and not as workers. *Peace on Earth*, by Mr. Maltz and George Sklar, is a pamphlet rather than a play. Its point is rubbed in insistently, in and out of character. Clifford Odets' best play is easily *Waiting For Lefty*. It is intensely moving to see, but it reads poorly. That is, it is better as dramaturgy than as drama, but it is

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the best that the proletarian drama can show to date. Irvin Shaw, in *Bury the Dead*, a one-acter, reveals a talent of considerable size, but he is still lacking in discipline. As for John Howard Lawson, his last play, *Marching Song*, proves for the tenth time that he has more enthusiasm than ability.

THE WEAKEST ELEMENT in American proletarian literature is clearly the novel. What ails the radical novelists chiefly, in addition to their generally bad writing, is their almost unanimous belief that misery has no dreams — not so much the dreams of happier times as the dreams of the modest poet in all of us. Just as it was possible for the poor and despondent Beethoven to write the joyous Sixth Symphony, so is it possible for a poor and unemployed worker to rejoice at the sight of a passing cloud on a spring day or to glory in the remembered song of the nightingale. Human beings cannot stand long stretches of despair without intermittent periods of reverie, and no novel which leaves them out is an honest work.

Most proletarian novelists are what might be called *lumpenliterati;* they can't write and they haven't the shadow of an idea of what constitutes literature. Merely to yell about the woes of workers and farmers is not to write literature. A loud speaker can do that much better. Literature, proletarian or otherwise, is an imaginative transformation of experience — experience bought and paid for. It requires not merely observational accuracy; it requires also emotional honesty — the kind which realizes that even condemned men in the death house occupy some minutes of their time day-dreaming. Good proletarian literature differs from other literature only in that there are more of the suppressed tears of living in it, more tenderness for the eternal travail of common folk.

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# DRAMA:

*Patriotic Panorama — Barry Seeks Truth — Odets' Conversation Piece*

AS DRAMA in the immemorial sense *The American Way*, by Messrs. George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, and playing at the Center Theatre, must be put down as a trivial and even an embarrassing achievement. Not a wisp of fresh insight, not a glimmer of rarefied emotion, not an iota of the wild clairvoyance one looks for in every work of art, can be found in the play. Its ideas come from the meditations of small town chambers of commerce on winter nights, and its feelings stem from the more subdued exuberances of the same small town chambers of commerce on spring nights. Of patriotism it is all compact, but that patriotism smells more of the sort to be heard in the more respectable high-school auditoriums and the conventions of the Daughters of the American Revolution than in the addresses of Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, and Abraham Lincoln, who knew, what Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart apparently do not know, namely, that all's not well with the United States, that America has much to learn from "outside" sources (as, indeed, they have much to learn from us), and that a noble soul contains at least as much of value as the owner of a great big furniture factory.

The story proper concerns Martin Gunther and his wife Irma, two German immigrants, whose trials and tribulations, struggles, defeats, and victories in this country from the days of McKinley down to the present, are related against a series of massive tableaux depicting every major event in American history during the past forty years. Martin begins life as a modest woodworker,



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gradually amasses wealth as a manufacturer of wood products, loses a son in the World War, throws in his fortune to save his town's chief bank only to lose it all, never complains because of his intense love of Americanism, and near the end rushes out of the celebration of his golden wedding anniversary to admonish his grandson, whose continued unemployment prevents him from getting married, not to have anything to do with "outside" forces. Those "outside" forces apparently refer to Hitlerism, for Martin meets his death at the hands of American Nazis, whose cause his grandson has determined to join, but they might also refer to all ideas coming from without our boundaries, whether they harmonize with our way of life or not. The authors, for reasons best known to themselves, do not state clearly their attitude toward totalitarianism, assuming they had that in mind.

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge play the parts of Martin and Irma with high competence, as do some of the minor characters — who number more than 200, counting a flock of school children and two or three squads of policemen — and several of the scenic effects, particularly those at the beginning portraying Ellis Island, are very moving. Occasionally, especially in Act One, the play achieves the same nostalgia as a family album or a long remembrance told across a beer table, which fact may assure for it a long run and perhaps a modicum of good influence. But while it never offends shockingly, it leaves one with a large regret that so magnificent a subject as democracy at so critical a time in the world's history did not receive a more adult dramatic treatment with a finer understanding of the imponderables of the American way of life. The authors' convictions concerning democracy merit admiration, but in playwriting, as Messrs. Kaufman and Hart should

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know better than anybody else, convictions do not suffice. There must also be talent, and in the field of political drama the talent must be coupled with knowledge of things outside the drawing-rooms, whether they be of the Bronx or Westchester variety. This talent and this knowledge, unfortunately, seldom appear on the stage of the Center Theatre.

ELMER RICE'S *American Landscape*, which also dealt with democracy, and which expired in short order, had even greater faults than the Kaufman-Hart work. It described the growth and collapse of a Connecticut family with origins in Revolutionary times. The first rift in the old homestead comes when the father decides to sell the factory because of labor troubles, and the second comes when a Nazi Bund wishes to buy the estate for a Hitler camp site. The ghosts of the grandparents who fought in every major American war enter upon the stage to plead with the surviving members of the family not to give in to the Nazis, and thus American democracy wins. The love story tying up all this intellectual farina contains pokes at Hollywood and the other woman (an actress, of course) that became feeble shortly after the uncompromising radical writers of New York got their third movie checks and immediately rushed play scripts, describing themselves in the third person, to Broadway.

The greater part of Mr. Rice's play bulged with orations in defense of the American spirit. As sheer recitations they left little to be desired if confined to college debates, but as integral parts of a drama they offended most playgoers, who visit the theatre not to recall their school reading but to be lifted emotionally by way of a charming tale or a deeply felt and imaginatively transcribed conviction. At best Mr. Rice's play formed a fine

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series of filler-editorials for the more pompous liberal press. At worst it displayed a sincere man trying to do his bit "to allay the current unrest," but one who doesn't seem to know enough about the problems that harass the world, and, above all, who doesn't feel strongly enough about them creatively.

PHILIP BARRY'S *Here Come the Clowns* has created a considerable stir in the correspondence columns of the daily press, but the general public seems to be apathetic to it. One must agree with the general public in this case. Describing the play presents difficulties, for some four or five stories struggle to gain the upper hand. One concerns a stage hand who searches for Truth, another concerns the same stage hand who discovers his wife's adultery, a third concerns a necromancer who goes to enormous pains to prove something or other, a fourth deals with the stage hand's sister-in-law who loves him, and a fifth centers about a young couple in love and a dwarf who somehow prevents them from marrying. The construction throughout is so confused and the pace so slow that one becomes uneasy after the first ten minutes, and by the time the first act curtain has fallen one yearns for the comparative simplicity of Times Square — on at least one evening a large number of the audience did not come back for the second act. Had they remained they would have been even more bewildered than before, but they would also have been rewarded, at the end, with a supreme piece of acting by Eddie Dowling who plays the part of the stage hand with mounting excellence.

As for Mr. Barry's purpose, one can only guess at it. Perhaps he tries to show that in this world the truth does not always make one free, that it enslaves as well as liberates, and that God alone knows the why of such a

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situation. This theme, when brought into the bedroom, naturally strikes home in many hearts, and when ornamented with frequent references to the Deity, the Devil, and the angels, arrests the attention of those who find pleasure in bathing themselves in intellectual vagueness compounded of emotional doubt. Hence the strange appeal which the play has to certain elements in the clergy and those of their parishioners who indulge in overmuch day-dreaming and self-agonizing. A little altar boy resides in every such breast, and he naturally takes kindly to the meandering, sanctimonious gabble of Mr. Barry, who in this play speaks as an altar boy in long trousers. The general public, however, wants a simpler, more unified tale that digs a little more deeply into the human soul before consigning its mysteries to the wisdom of the Almighty.

CLIFFORD ODETS has so long been praised for his gift for dialogue that he has apparently decided to throw his head, heart, and eyes out of the window and taken to manufacturing he-she speeches as sheer exercise. His last three plays might well be described as one-dollar watches studded with seventeen jewels each. They look marvelous at first sight, but suddenly, even while you admire them, they stop. Consider his present play, *Rocket to the Moon*. A Jewish dentist deplores the fate that has robbed him of his professional ambitions, driving him into a "well-appointed" office. He rapidly finds comfort in the arms of a girl assistant who can be bought with a dinner at Longchamps, tries to win her away from his philosophical father-in-law, and in the end loses her.

The first act opens like a machine-gun, and before the dentist and his father-in-law get far into their very revealing talk about life and love, one feels that here at last

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emotional reality has reached one Broadway theatre, but all at once the whole thing collapses. The idealistic dentist, for no given reason, turns into a morose, belligerent, love-sick youth, the wise father-in-law burlesques himself, the unhappy wife hides her anguish in "reason," the charmer psychologically becomes a lady editor of a liberal weekly, and what set out to be a spiritual rocket to the moon assumes the earmarks of a Fannie Hurst parable, that is, a Yiddish pulp story.

Mr. Odets's good ear for certain kinds of speech still plagues him. It seems to make him think that a sound track is a good play, that if you let enough good talk prance on a stage, real characters will somehow evolve. He also suffers from the belief that an epigram is a thought, and that an actor who spouts a few dozen epigrams thereby changes into a profound personality. The facts, of course, are otherwise. Good talk does not exist by itself, and dazzling epigrams seldom mark a profound man or woman. First and last there must be a convincing story told in terms of convincing characters, who reveal themselves in the same way that all living human beings reveal themselves, simply, stutteringly, by way of hurts deeply felt and joys briefly tasted.

Messrs. Robert L. Buckner and Walter Hart, authors of *The Primrose Path*, owe a large debt of thanks to Helen Westley, to whom probably belongs the chief credit for whatever success the play is having. A none too poetical portrait of *Tobacco Road* life in the neighborhood of Buffalo, N. Y., it has all the flavor of a collection of *Police Gazette* files with a few old-fashioned valentines thrown in, tender, callow, and boisterous. A Harvard graduate, afflicted with dipsomania and steeped in the classics, finds himself in middle life the husband of a prostitute, the

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son-in-law of an ex-prostitute, and the father of three children, a son and two daughters, whose future he dare not contemplate. The younger daughter, Eva, in her early teens, has all the mannerisms and speech of a saloon belle, while her older sister, after a considerable struggle in obtaining a husband, rapidly becomes almost like her mother, who frankly "goes out" with Cornell and Dartmouth men to the applause of the grandmother who has not forgotten a single trick of her own gay days.

The play doesn't hang together well, and several of the scenes, even with the poverty of their content, lack emotional punctuation. One of them, however, that between the mother and a Southern gentleman in the bathroom of a Buffalo hotel, achieves full-bodied reality. It has genuineness and heartbreak. The wife's plea to her lover to give up thought of marrying her on the ground that if he did he would bring upon himself disgrace for "tying up with a broad," forms one of the most effective bits on the stage this season. The rest of the play, as has been said, lives, if it lives at all, because of Miss Westley's superb acting. Perhaps no more colorful "old bag" has walked the New York boards for a decade, and certainly no one in such character has spoken her lines with greater fidelity. The astonishing twelve-year-old Marilyn Erskine, who plays the granddaughter Eva, deserves special commendation. Very likely she is the most accomplished younger player in New York today.

*The Boys From Syracuse*, with the book by George Abbott and the music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart, one must report, received the almost unanimous approval of the daily reviewers, and the show probably will be running when the fifth and sixth waves of visitors to the World's Fair come to town. To one spectator, however, it seemed

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very disappointing. It lacks warmth, it lacks spontaneity, and it lacks illusion, and without these elements a musical comedy makes a very dull evening. The story, based upon Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors*, revolves about the old theme of mistaken identity, and has been so modernized that all that remains of Shakespeare are the costumes and one line. Mr. Abbott's new trappings, unfortunately, somehow do not refresh, and neither do most of Mr. Hart's lyrics or Mr. Rodgers's music. Only one of the numbers, *This Can't Be Love*, really appeals, but it is rather over-sung. The others either belong to the class of reminiscence or simply fail to come off. Finally, a word about Jimmy Savo, for whom the present writer has had an enormous admiration. Alas, it has to be said that for the first time he fails to lift. He tries hard enough to be himself, which has always been very good, but the script and the lyrics and the music get in his way. An old, ardent devotee hopes that deep down in his heart the great and wonderful Jimmy knows this.

CHARLES ANGOFF

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# MUSIC:

*Refugee Music Enriches America*
*Records — Modern Composers —*

MUSIC HAS a distribution problem as much as industry. There are multitudes of finely trained musicians languishing in New York and other large cities wishing they could get a chance to use their talent. There are hundreds of towns in this country which don't have orchestras, and whose inhabitants can't get to music centers to hear more than one or two recitals a season. Even so they hear only those of the few performers who have the means for expensive publicity and management. This is a real problem, not only for the musicians themselves, but even more so for the music-loving people who would gladly go to concerts if the opportunity were given. Their desire for music, in the meantime, is satisfied by radio and phonograph. Record sales have boomed tremendously during the past two years, and something like eighty-five per cent of all records sold are of classical music. This fact shows decisively the growing demand for good music, and since transcriptions make music most accessible, it is worth-while to review the new records.

WE HAVE in this country a living Orpheus — a woman whose race is spat upon, who was accepted in Europe before American audiences would listen to her, who was forbidden this very winter to give a recital in Washington — the lyric singer, Marian Anderson.

She has appeared this winter twice in New York recitals, but her voice is one which should be heard not for three hours in one winter, but regularly, and by every-



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one who takes delight in hearing a beautiful voice. Her one record of the season — much too small and short — is the Victor recording of Bach's *Kumm Süsser Tod* and a *Siciliana* by Handel. Her pure and steady voice is perfect for these two lovely songs. We played them over and over again, not wanting to lose the sound of her voice, and never getting tired of the music. The *Siciliana* is particularly charming, and has the virtue of being unfamiliar, although the old Bach Chorale takes on new life. The human voice is certainly the most perfect instrument to convey the emotion of music — and Marian Anderson, with the Negro's natural instinct for music, sings Handel and Bach as if she had just improvised them.

Next on the list of fine recordings is Emanuel Feuermann's and Gerald Moore's playing of Schubert's A Major cello and piano Sonata (Columbia). This sonata is little-known, probably because it was written for a virtuoso technique on an instrument slightly higher than a cello, and takes place mostly in the upper registers of the A string. Feuermann makes it sound as easy as a beginner's finger-exercise. Only a professional cellist would realize in listening to it how intensely difficult it is to play, because its form is so graceful, gay, and, above all, melodious, that technique is completely forgotten. The perfection of the music, the playing and the recording make this album absolutely indispensable.

Music written for the harpsichord and for other old instruments generally sounds better in its original medium than when transposed for modern instruments. The harpsichord is a colorful instrument, and familiar pieces played on it have a new and gay quality which they lack when played on the piano.

The Bach D Major cello Sonata (Columbia), played on the harpsichord and the viola da gamba by Ernst Victor

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Wolff and Janos Scholz is a much more charming piece than the same thing for piano and cello. In the same vein, people who think that descriptive music, — such as imitations of factories, birds, or the ocean, — is a modern invention, should listen to the recording of *The Bells* by William Byrd, played on the harpsichord by Ernst Victor Wolff (Columbia). What Byrd did with the stiff classical form and the inflexible old harpsichord is incredible to musical "free-thinkers." It actually sounds like bells. What's more, it works up neatly to a climax and ends correctly with a cadence, so that you know you are listening to music and not just to noises.

While on this subject, *Modern Russian Music*, a Columbia album of Shostakovich, Meytuss and Mossolov pieces may be mentioned. In style the music is as old-fashioned as a 1922 fox-trot. Perhaps someone wanted to give an unpleasant impression of Russian art; — if that was the intention the records are entirely successful. Shostakovich noisily uses Russian folk-tunes in two raucous modernistic dances. Mossolov and Meytuss imitate factories and power stations with painful realism. It is false "proletarian" music, which Russian composers have now veered away from. Using folk-tunes as springboards for more sophisticated music is an excellent thing, and should be attempted by many modern composers whose music is so far removed from reality that it has no appeal except a dubious intellectual one. But no matter what effects the composer seeks to make, his music should contain more than mere rhythm and noise, which is all these early Soviet pieces have.

Another recording of modern music is Hindemith's Quartet Number 3 (Victor), played by the Coolidge String Quartet. This is distinctly on the intellectual side, containing neither factories nor folk-tunes. Several move-

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ments of the Quartet have a post-romantic flavor, in which the music is impressionistic and misty. The total effect is strange and rather unpleasant. The more formal movements — the first (Fugato) and the last (Rondo) — are much firmer music. The Rondo is even gay, although the music is trying, because the composer is so determined to be dissonant. The Coolidge Quartet does a lively and thorough job.

But why is it that one listens to such music more from a sense of duty than from a feeling of joy in the sound, and that "interesting" is the strongest adjective one can apply to it? Perhaps it is only because the lay listener can't sit back happily waiting for a lovely melody or a series of familiar harmonies, but has to sit on the edge of the chair trying to make out what is going on. If this is the reason, the composer can't be blamed entirely for writing "dissonant" music. If more modern music were played, audiences would soon begin to have discrimination in the matter of which works were really worth-while and which merely raw impressionism or shallow show-pieces.

Among the really fine recordings of the season is the Sibelius 5th Symphony and his tone-poem *Pojola's Daughter*, played by Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor). And, for chamber music-lovers, there is a little-known Beethoven Piano Quartet, played by Schmitz and members of the Roth Quartet (Columbia).

We note with a kind of sad triumph the predominance of exiles from Germany and Austria in the American musical world. New York is full of opera singers from denuded Vienna; singers whose marvelous training and beautiful voices are no longer available to the music-

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loving Germans, and who have not yet found a place in the overcrowded musical field here, although many are of Metropolitan stature. There are composers and conductors as well, teaching young American students the thorough, scientific German methods.

For example, there is Hans Weisse, instructor at Columbia and the David Mannes Music School. A work of his was recently performed by a group of ex-Viennese performers to a small private audience in the David Mannes School auditorium, a small hall perfect for chamber music. The music, a theme and variations for seven instruments, is experimental, yet formal. It should be heard many times before it can be enjoyed thoroughly. Even at first hearing, however, its tight contrapuntal structure is very pleasing. The composer shows an instinct for lovely melody, which is the first requisite of good music. Another requirement, intelligible harmonic structure, the piece certainly has also, although it takes several hearings to discover it. The music is a little too intellectual to be understood easily; this is a quality which it shares with much good music of other years.

The really thoughtful study of composition which this music represents is also evident in the work of several young American composers; Paul Nordoff, for example, who has absorbed this German thoroughness in composition, and who has added a lightness and gaiety of his own to the rather humorless high seriousness of modern German music. In spite of the tragedy which has caused the encounter of German teachers and American students, between them they should make fine and lasting music.

As well as teachers and composers who are influencing American students, this country is gaining a monopoly on world-famous performers. Driven from Germany

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and Austria, or voluntary exiles, these people gravitate naturally to what is practically the center of music in the world — New York City. Perhaps they do this because they are afraid of Europe's ever thicker layer of horror; or perhaps because discouraged European audiences have not the spontaneous joy in music which they had in freer days, whereas Americans welcome with naïve delight the chance of hearing fine performances, regardless of the fact that the performer's grandmother might have been Jewish. Thus Viennese audiences are deprived forever of their own Feuermann, who is probably the greatest cellist in the world beside Casal. On the other hand, he is giving regular recitals in this country, and his superlative recordings for Victor we have already noted. His recital in New York this winter was one of the high spots of the season. His faultless technique, and easy, graceful, although somewhat dry manner of playing prove him a real master of this most difficult of the stringed instruments.

Schnabel is a voluntary exile who has now taken up his abode in the United States. Although his playing has been much over-rated — in his playing of Bach and Beethoven particularly, he has a bad tendency to race the fast sections and drag the slow ones, and his interpretations of Beethoven Sonatas are often painfully superficial — still he is a fine enough musician to be a real loss to music-loving Greater Germany.

Most Americans know Bruno Walter, who has many times been guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic and other orchestras. There is now a good possibility that he may become permanent conductor of one of our orchestras, since he is considered unfit by the German Government to interpret the great classical works for "pure" German audiences — to say nothing of

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the fact that the members of the Vienna Philharmonic, being something like two-thirds Jewish, are scattered all over the world.

AMONG THE SOLOISTS of the season we may mention a few of those less known. One of the best pianists in this country, and not so widely heard as he should be, is Frank Sheridan. This year he gave a series of three recitals of the music of Mozart and Brahms. All three were delightful programs, and the playing was excellent enough so that the listener was not aware of the technique of playing, but could listen undisturbed to the music.

A young pianist of courage and ability is Rosalyn Tureck. In a difficult and wearing recital this season she certainly came out on top. The program consisted of the Bach C Minor Partita (the same which was recorded this winter by Schnabel in a much more faulty performance), the rather uninteresting and trying Beethoven Variations on *God Save the King*, the Brahms F Minor Sonata, which taxes even the veteran performer, and a group of moderns. It is always annoying that a pianist considers it a duty to end his program with a series of semi-classical and modernistic nonentities as a sop to the audience, but Miss Tureck did her duty with dexterous grace.

Rose Bampton's recital, which was unfortunately halted on account of illness halfway through, was nevertheless one of the loveliest of the season. The erstwhile cantata singer mastered the lyrical grace of Debussy perfectly. Her singing was dramatic and emotional, and her choice of songs well-fitted to her full voice, which has the richness of a contralto with a soprano range.

KATHARINE SCHERMAN

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# ART:

*The Problem of the Artist in the Industrialized World.*

THERE IS TODAY an increasing confusion as to the correct definition of the term "artist." Of course here again one is confused by the relativity of word meaning. Gothic artists, whose magnificent accomplishments look down on us from the windows and portals of Thirteenth Century churches, would not have been able to be commercial artists. Today, however, we should have to call them just that. They were not then called commercial artists because there existed no other sort of artist, no conceptually "pure" artist, to throw into shameful relief the organized and paid art worker, that is, the mason glazer, etc., of the Middle Ages. Today the term "commercial artist" exists because of those intervening aristocratic days when academic authority invented the Art concept and guaranteed the existence of the superior, individualist artist. Democracy has inherited this situation, but we now discover, in our doctrine of equality, a deadly threat to this royal prerogative of individualist art.

The so-called commercial artist or industrial artist is to a large extent our modern artist. To judge from the quality of our industrially designed objects, he can be a very good artist indeed. But this artist remains anonymous, and we have usually to remember a trade mark rather than his name. Imagine all the landscape painters of sea-scapes organized and salaried by an entrepreneur who marketed their products under the name of "Universal Oil Paintings, Inc." with a painter's palette as a trade mark! This would be upsetting, but possibly good



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business, and it is incidentally just what has been done with color reproductions of paintings. Van Gogh's *Sunflowers* hang practically wherever you go today. They were very good business.

But buying a reproduction of a painting, sadly enough, is not patronizing art. It is patronizing a capitalized industry which is today making considerable profits. In this manufacture of color reproductions, the profit side of the manufacturer's ledger has not been greatly impaired by the necessity of paying royalties — for the dead artist is usually the most renowned (history and the critics have seen to that), and it is his semi-sacred works which make the attractive mass production proposition. Death, while on the one hand the great leveller, is in the case of the artist the great booster. Usually one has to be at least half dead before he may be said to have arrived. If the artist is still alive, profits have to be split three ways. The way to make a fortune in art is to corner the output of some obscure artist, wait for him to die, then "discover" him and find the authority — the critics, the art dealers — who will, for a consideration, help you construct that profitable legend. Profits need not be divided, at least not so damagingly, when you promote a dead man.

THE INDUSTRIALIZED artist has ceased depicting imagined worlds, and taken up the task of suiting his art to his real environment. If he accepts employment in the field of publicity or advertising, he may, while painting the eternal sunny smiles and lovely contours of "Ad Land," still continue to imagine and project an idealized world. It cannot be his favorite world, but one most attractive to the public. Thus may the sunny skies of "Ad Land" be born in the shadowy anguish of artistic self-abnegation.

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The right of the artist, the doctor, the teacher, the specialist to recognition simply because of his calling is passing. Science now gives us an operational common authority, one which creates an entirely new realm of values.

Suppose Mr. A. has twenty-five dollars which he has saved in order to buy a small radio to entertain himself and his family. He wants, impulsively, to spend his earned money on it. He is stopped, on his way to the radio store, by a friend who points out that for the same money he can purchase a picture from a starving artist and have something eternally fine, incidentally committing an act of charity. The radio he was about to purchase was designed by an equally hard-working industrial artist, on salary, and anonymous. However nothing is said about him. Mr. A. looks at the painting and asks pointedly, "Who says it's art? How am I to know it is worth twenty-five dollars?" "Why, the man himself says it is, and he is starving to prove it!" "Well," observes the logical Mr. A., "I am not so sure about that, but I do know that it is a luxurious position for this fellow to take: he actually expects me to pay him in order to help him prove that he is an artist. Moreover, I don't care if the government is fostering him in this attitude, by virtually supporting him — I have my twenty-five dollars which I earned, and I am going to spend it for something I know I like and want."

Painting has become an enigma, an outlet for individual or personal esthetic theories; no longer a related part of common experience.

Did the Federal Art Projects, in subsidizing American painters, really help anyone? The self-styled artist who finds a sponsor in this changing day for his rather luxurious claim is indeed in clover. Is the promotion of

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this attitude realistic and functional, or does it in the end only increase the bitter illusion of repudiation by the artist's compeers, from which the unsuccessful individualist artist must usually come to suffer?

A statement contained in the catalogue of a recent Chicago W.P.A. Art Project exhibition announces:

> Although the primary objective of the Federal Art Project is the employment of artists certified for the program on the basis of need, the Project has been able to create many works of art with social value to the community. Works are available for allocation to tax-supported institutions such as public schools hospitals, libraries, armories, municipal, county and state buildings.

Note the confusion of ideas here: the art-charity complex, with the taxpayer, who doesn't really object very strongly to helping his neighbor out, playing the familiar rôle of intellectual goat. These oil paintings, extending easily a quarter of a mile, all proclaimed the zero hour of related creative effort.

In the foreword of the catalogue, which names the show "Art for the Public," speaking of the Chicago artist the statement runs:

> Given a chance to work for you, the Chicago artist has emerged from his isolation and is in the process of creating a typical and vital art.
>
> In one way the exhibition is unique. All the artists have been paid for every work in it. Nothing is for sale; everything remains the property of the Federal Government. Each example has been assigned or will be assigned to some tax-supported institution where you and I and our children may continue to enjoy it.

One wonders if "given a chance to work for you" is an honest statement of the situation or whether it does not represent a far advanced wishful thinking.

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THERE IS NO MISTAKING an engineer. He does not have to announce himself as such and fight to prove it. His work, which is daily seen by hundreds of people, faces a severe and impartial test by which it stands or falls. There can be no humbug of authority about it, for example, no promotion of the work of an individual engineer by sponsored appeal. The work of the engineer, within limits, is a permanent social good. Good bridges bear people across on their strong backs, and a successful engineer advances by demonstrating, past any doubt, that his bridges endure and his levels hold. People use them.

Now how, except by demonstrating that it is unquestionably popular, is any artist to prove definitely that his work, if a public social good, is the democratic good we are seeking? There is a fundamental reason for this inability on the part of personal individual concern to become public matter. To begin with, no artist can influence any save those who voluntarily accept his work, and if this number be small he is assuming a grave responsibility. In fact this responsibility increases as the size of his audience diminishes.

Charlie Chaplin was and still is indisputably, openly popular. His work has held up like a bridge because, *via* the mass production channels, it reached every man in abundance, and because, in his art, he has succeeded also in being every man to every man.

There is no automatic acid test for the individual artist's technique. He must either have behind him a powerful authority or secure himself by propitiating public opinion. His problem, simply stated, is that of finding a way, and one which is popularly acceptable, for his offerings to compete. His simplest answer is, of course, to join the ranks, and not compete. Walt Disney

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sells millions of his pictures (all hand-made) to millions of delighted people. The artists working with him cooperate, not compete, and their imagination and inspiration seem to be not one iota depleted thereby. Theirs is a profitable coöperation through the medium of mass production which illustrates what is meant by joining the ranks, producing popular art.

In attempting to foster the plight of the chronically unemployed individual artist by officially promoting his popularity, there must arise an interference between the esthetics of the situation and its true collective significance. Only by producing work which will belong to people, can an artist be made popular. It makes no difference how many subway walls are covered with his American scene genre, *i.e.*, "of the people and for the people." For it is that most important "by the people" which is the winning trick. The government did not subsidize Walt Disney, Mae West, Caruso, or Maxfield Parrish. They are "by the people." They did not have to be proved popular, they were begged for.

The question arises, can either easel or mural painting again be widely popularized in the midst of so many cheaper, mass-reproduced paper pictures of all kinds? Will their popularity ever again successfully compete publicly on the level of big buying power? Probably not. Flint locks are still perfectly good weapons but people buy more automatics. The flint locks are in museums.

EDWIN PARK

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# CINEMA:

*Plays Made into Pictures—Spy Melodrama—Shavian Hokum*

THE MOTION PICTURE industry, Hollywood version, is a stubborn beast. Having once decided on the level of picture production best suited to the average mind, it has been reluctant to consider any revision.

It has always been felt in the industry that it was easier to mold the public taste than change the producer's viewpoint. That the audience wants only to be entertained and will reject information has appeared too frequently in the press of late to be anything less than suggestion. Nevertheless the inroads of films from France, England, the Soviet Union, and many minor centers, are having an effect. These foreign films offer competition, since technical development is now comparable, and the change, albeit slow, indicated in the recent and projected releases, is probably due more to this than to any growing volume of complaint from the box-office patrons. Of course it is too soon to expect relief from the hypocrisy of the Hays Office, but a judicious sprinkling of honesty and social significance through the garden of glamour is more than welcome. We can take entertainment, information, or any combination of the two that is clear, sincere and well told.

The picture that could have touched all of those points and failed to touch any was M.G.M.'s adventure in obscurantism, *Idiot's Delight*.

Robert Sherwood (also credited with the screen play) originally started with a diverse group of characters stranded in an Italian resort hotel at the beginning of the next World War. In the picture he adds a mildly



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amusing prologue showing Harry Van, the hoofer protagonist, progressing (as agelessly as a Tyrone Power character) through the years from the last World War to the new one, with a slight interlude in a hotel in Omaha.

Mr. Van is at the hotel with *Les Blondes* (six, and all nice) but has eyes only for the one who arrives on the arm of a munitions magnate. She is faintly reminiscent of the past, in spite of accents and gestures.

The war starts. A fleet of bombing planes is off into the night. A city is being razed. Thousands of innocents are being blown to bits. A fanatic pacifist raises his voice and is very gently taken out and shot. The world is at war but (hush!) a more vital question takes the stage; did she or did she not sleep with him in Omaha long ago?

*Les Blondes* dance with the army officers. What are wars? Avalanches, maybe. The research scientist who has been saving lives decides not to "save human beings who don't want to be saved," and goes back home to devise new ways of taking lives.

There is a rather undeveloped villain in the munitions maker who departs leaving the blond "Countess" behind so Harry Van can offer her the supreme sacrifice.

Yes, she is the same girl and she wants to go back to work, with Harry. They discuss it, make love, and are a little afraid as the bombers return to make hash of the hotel. A few square feet miss destruction, and they happen to be standing right there. The piano is wrecked but is still in tune. As the planes pass on, peace arrives heralded by a hot number and a cooch dance.

Peace, and a long life of chicanery for the lovers. Where, in a world at war? That seems to have been overlooked. One point was made: a screwball love affair as incidental relief in a story of war is frequently welcome; a reversal of the device is sickening.

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A FINE EXAMPLE of what can be done in the straight "information" field is Paramount's *One Third of a Nation.* Here is a story told with as little circumlocution as the producers felt they could get by with.

In adapting the play from the Federal Theatre's excellent production, a little watering-down with love interest was considered advisable. It hasn't helped materially, but then it does no harm. If the addition serves to make more palatable this depiction of the "submerged" one third for the other two (a large proportion of whom are not so far removed themselves as to feel at all secure) that is sufficient excuse.

The plot, however, is less than important. The picture is a valid and well documented description of slum conditions. Briefly, little Joey Rogers is crippled in a tenement fire. He comes back from the hospital warped and resentful. The house is his enemy. He sets fire to it and dies in the conflagration.

This is one boy. The audience, watching this horror which serves as "life" for so many, must realize why the jails are so crowded and the electric chair feeds on the children grown in these sections.

Settlement houses, athletic leagues and various agencies try to ameliorate conditions but the answer is obvious; the elimination of such circumstances as are shown here with commendable truth.

THE BEST EXAMPLE of virtuosity in the "pure" entertainment field is an offering from England: *The Lady Vanishes.*

There are those who disdain "thrillers" of any sort and thereby cheat themselves of superlative hair-raising by Alfred Hitchcock. As a director of the chilled-spine school, Mr. Hitchcock has no equals and this offering is up to his previous best.

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The picture is concerned with espionage and counter-espionage and a middle-aged lady spy trying to get her message through the enemy's country and back to England. A young girl is drawn into it through being hit by a missile intended for Miss Froy (the spy), who in turn becomes helpful and friendly. They get on nicely.

After a brief period of semi-consciousness the young lady awakes to find the old one missing. The train is filthy with enemy agents and the girl is frantic trying to find anyone who will even admit the existence of Miss Froy.

The hero is drawn into it and after a while convinced. The rest of the footage is taken up with the search, rescue, escape, etc., into romance and a happy ending.

With indifferent handling such spy melodrama would be just as bad as it is now good. Mr. Hitchcock knows how to keep suspense at fever heat and when to turn on the safety valve of comedy, which is unusually intelligent in this instance. Novelty is added by the director's individual touches rather than by plot, and the result is thoroughly gripping and enjoyable.

FRANCE, as has become its habit, comes through with the best production in point of balance. *Heart of Paris* (Gribouille), deals with the virtues and weaknesses of a "nice" man. Camille Morestan, who has a little shop in which he sells athletic goods, is called for jury duty. It is the most important moment in his life since the Armistice. He is impressed.

A girl whose fragile beauty could have served in lieu of evidence with the average male jury is on trial for the murder of her lover.

Morestan stumbles on a question (juror's privilege) of importance to the defense. This subconsciously allies

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him with the defendant and a little approval from her attorney is enough to send him fighting for acquittal in the jury room.

The accomplishment of that increases his interest in the girl and he wants to help her. She won't accept money so he employs her in his store and takes her into his home.

The altruistic shopkeeper's interest remains strictly paternal: he is a good family man with a son, a daughter and a wife. However, a reluctance to divulge the girl's identity starts a lie with the usual misunderstandings and complications. Here the story bogs down a little but momentum carries it through.

Raimu as the floundering humanitarian Morestan is superb. Michele Morgan as the girl is excellent. The rest of the cast is more than adequate.

AN EVENT of unusual interest was the showing of the first authorized film made from a George Bernard Shaw play. Since the film, *Pygmalion*, arrived with the author's unqualified blessing, his devotees (for he does still have them) aren't likely to be too critical. It is doubtful, however, whether or not the average movie-goer will see more in *Pygmalion* than in the "rags-to-riches" comedies flowing regularly from Hollywood.

Mr. Shaw is a (self-declared) man with a message, but in spite of his early Socialist pretensions, the old "Fabian" choses to obscure all possible values of his words with cleverness. In this fairly modern version of the famous myth Mr. Shaw has a very good time. The difference between a lady and a tramp lies in the approach of a gentleman or, in extreme cases, a bath and a clean chemise

Still, despite the dated "middle-class morality," the

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Galatea of Shaw does a much more interesting coming to life than that of an ivory statue into cold beauty.

In the hands of Wendy Hiller the transformation of Eliza Doolittle is rich, lively, and sustained. It is a difficult rôle done exceptionally well. Leslie Howard's Professor Higgins is excellent through the first three-quarters of the picture, but in the end seems carried away by the author's intellectual hokum into a bit of hamming.

The picture is definitely amusing and should pave the way for others from the same source. It is to be hoped, however, that in the future Mr. Shaw allows leeway for the broader scope of the screen and doesn't demand continued allegiance to the proscenium arch.

VINCE HALL

## The Harrowing of Heaven

Hillsides once golding with the sun
gradually shadow; low
quadrigae — chariots that run
on turning knives for wheels — now go
stolidly, anti-Phoebus driven,
to harry back the tarnished light
across the under-arch of heaven
and past the nine-fold gates of night
(smoulder, transcendent living rays!). . . .
The chariots cleave both star and clod,
each in a self-created cloud
revealed concealed for mortal eyes.

KENNETH PORTER

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# BOOKS:

## How New Is New?

SEGMENTS OF SOUTHERN THOUGHT. *By Edd Winfield Parks. Athens, Ga.: The University of Georgia Press. 1939. 392 pages. $3.00.*

FOR YEARS glad tidings have reached us from below Baltimore that a New South would any month burst upon the national scene, bringing a novel, strangely beautiful culture to the boorish North. Groups of Southern intellectual legionnaires sprang up to prepare the rest of the country for the wonderful things to come from the cotton and tobacco states, and great leaders — Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom — arose to give counsel to these heralds.

Faulkner, Caldwell, and Wolfe appeared, but the guiding spirits of the South quickly notified the country that these authors maligned their birthplace and deserved no respectable consideration. So the nation has waited for the real Southern culture, and now apparently it has fallen to the University of Georgia to issue a book that represents the burgeoning Youth of the South, which will soon teach the barbarians beyond the Mason and Dixon line what fine living and high thinking can be.

Mr. Davidson says of the author of this epochal book, here under review, that "there is no Southern scholar of the younger generation . . . who has explored Southern history, Southern literature, and Southern thought more intensively than Edd Winfield Parks, or with more fruitful results. . . . Such work as Mr. Parks has done, in these essays, is going to count enormously in the making of that South which all good Southerners have at heart in these times . . ." Mr. Tate feels likewise.



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Mr. Parks's essays cover every phase of Southern affairs. His outlook on the world has not been contaminated by the new-fangled libertarian nonsense. He can't quite understand why foreigners have called his section the nation's "economic problem number 1." The Negroes? What about them? Says Mr. Parks:

"Each town has its Negro section, usually given such expressive names as 'Black Bottom' or 'Nigger Hill.' These titles might imply that the Negro is badly treated, but this most certainly is far from true. He is segregated socially, but in all other respects he is a normal and, generally, a happy part of the community, with his own school and churches. For the small-town Negro, also, is not philosophical, and he remains unworried over subtle distinctions of race equality or of right and wrong. Enough for him that he is treated as a human being, with a consideration and courtesy that is rarely bestowed, in larger centers, upon the poorer class of immigrants."

This original viewpoint represents only one aspect of Mr. Parks's brilliant mind. His ideas on life and letters will for long amaze less gifted thinkers, and his prose style can only be described as most unusual. To paraphrase him would do him injustice. So the present writer has selected some of his more dazzling statements, allowing them to shine in their own light:

"I can at least retain an honest skepticism about the infallible virtues of progress, in a civilization that is going too fast, and without direction; and I can hint softly, from time to time, that leisure has its worth, and that the normal pace of society is slow."

"There was nothing wishy-washy about the man's [Poe's] thought: he formed a tenable if definitely limited theory early in life; . . . In addition, he belonged to the

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romantic, the lyric, period. Expression of mood, of heart, of subjectivity in general do not make for sustained expression: at base these moods are thin and tenuous. When portrayed at length this tenuous thinness becomes definitely apparent."

"It is never without value to consider carefully the theories of articulate poets of any time or place, for out of that consideration comes a better understanding of poetry."

"It is natural and inevitable that each city in the country should have local traits and idiosyncrasies."

"The life of the Southern town is serene."

Mr. Parks says modestly that he has been teaching in his beloved South for about five years, though he does not specify what institution of learning he now graces. One can't help wondering what his more alert students think of him.

CHARLES ANGOFF

## Uncle Sam Fumbles in the Orient

THE FAR EASTERN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES. *By A. Whitney Griswold. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc. 1938. 502 pages, 3 maps. $3.75.*

SINCE THE FIRST China Clippers raced under forced sail to the Orient a century ago for cargoes of silks and tea, the United States has been increasingly involved in Oriental affairs, many of them decidedly not to our advantage, and most of them as a part of British duplicity. Today, with China Clippers flying over the sea, bringing the Orient closer, within hours instead of days, the problems of the United States are even more tangled.

Our Open Door policy, instigated by John Hay in 1899, may well involve the United States in more than a

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trade war, and our "Meddlesome Matty" policies, against which Theodore Roosevelt warned, are carefully brought out in this volume, importantly based on the study of hitherto unpublished material, notably the letters of William W. Rockhill and Alfred E. Hippisley, the silent partners of Hay when he drafted the British-inspired Open Door notes.

Primarily, the Far Eastern policy of the United States has been based on the principle of the Open Door. But to quote Griswold: "The regularity with which the United States had, during the past four decades, reverted to the position taken by Roosevelt (the first), indicated that attempting to preserve the territorial integrity of China was not and never had been a truly vital American national interest. It had been conceived in principle as the means to an end, not an end in itself. As an end in itself, not all of the material interest and humanitarian idealism of which it was compounded had been sufficient to make it a success. From 1900 to 1932 American efforts in behalf of China's integrity had passed through a number of cycles, all ending in failure. With what consequences? — jeopardizing the security of America's own territorial integrity (by antagonizing the most likely attacker of the Philippines); encouraging Chinese patriots to hope for, if not to count on, a type of American support that never materialized; obstructing the most profitable trend of American commerce and investment in the Far East which since 1900 had been toward Japan, not China; rendering the exclusion of Japanese immigrants, in Japan's eyes, the addition of insult to injury, and the whole having a baleful effect on every phase of Japanese-American relations; stimulating naval rivalry between the two nations; involving the United States in European politics *via* the backdoor of Eastern Asia."

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As to the Open Door itself, there is not an honest authority in Oriental affairs who does not admit that the Open Door is a snare and a delusion. Says the author: "Missionaries had once sought the protection of American gun-boats in attempting to exercise their treaty right to spread the gospel in China. By 1938 they had for the most part either renounced this protection or directed their attention to goals with which it was incompatible: disarmament, world peace. Commercially, American citizens were still interested in China. An American economic mission to the Far East in 1935 devoted over forty pages of its report to the possibility of American trade with China, as compared with seventeen pages to Japan and eight pages to the Philippines. The inauguration of Pan-American Airways of passenger service across the Pacific in 1936 was further evidence that no wholesale liquidation of American commercial interests in China was in view. Yet the values of these interests were subject to considerable misapprehension."

The author points out that for a hundred years Americans dreamed of a commercial and financial stake in the Far East that would soon exceed that in Europe, predictions which had stubbornly refused to materialize. Our trade with Japan has doubled and tripled that with China, so that Japan is the United States' third best customer while China is far down the list, being fifteenth in rank as a buyer of American goods, and lagging behind Cuba, Australia, Mexico and tiny Holland.

"In view of these figures it would have been a gratuitous calculation that rated the Open Door in China an American national interest of vital importance," remarks Griswold. "Reënforcing this conclusion was the record of the initiative taken by the State Department in the matter of the consortium loans. American financial interests

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in China had frequently been the artificial creation, and the servant, of political design, a fact that disproved the contention that foreign policy is invariably the creature of economic pressure groups. . . ."

In this important study of our Far Eastern policies, Griswold traces the technique of the traditional American overtures to Britain and France, based on an assumed identity of interest to join the United States in attempting to restrain Japanese expansion in Asia. Hay, Theodore Roosevelt, Knox and Wilson all committed themselves to the same policy and the same assumption, and all had been disappointed. So, too, was Stimson, whose blunt notes during the Manchurian affair brought U. S.-Japanese relations almost to the breaking point. Says Griswold: "In Stimson's mind were the economic dreams of the dollar diplomatists and all the prophets of a century past who had seen in China a rich commercial market of the future, blended with the idealistic visions of the missionaries through whose eyes many, perhaps most, Americans were inclined to look at China."

But the European powers to whom Stimson appealed for coöperation acted true to form. France merely waited for, and followed, England's lead. The British response was one of studied casualness, which credited at face value Japan's frequently professed intention of maintaining the Open Door in Manchuria. Hull, in following the same lines, is living up to tradition but this time even more as a cat's paw for Britain.

The note sent to Tokyo by Secretary Hull last October was written in such heat and passion that a close study of it reveals one of the most serious diplomatic blunders our State Department has ever made: the United States demanded that Japan treat Americans without discrimination, saying that America expected this because the

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United States does not discriminate against the Japanese. As the Japanese people are those against whom we discriminate most in the United States, Tokyo was not amused at the slip, but rip-roaring mad.

Griswold's volume is a valuable book for every person interested in the Far East today. For the more that we can learn about Oriental problems, the better off the United States will be.

WALKER MATHESON

THE DEATH OF THE HEART. *By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 418 pages. $2.50.*

At the first impact, Elizabeth Bowen's latest book, *The Death of the Heart*, reminds one of Dali's daft landscapes: it is meticulously drawn by the hand of an expert miniaturist and is somehow cruel. You walk in a barren land; you meet strange, monstrous people who sit in the midst of the desert, placidly smiling at their torments; tiny pricks take the place — and effectively — of great sorrows; and everything is covered with an imperceptible down of delicate decay. After a while one accepts the author's values and the strangeness falls away; after all, the first look through a microscope at the palm of one's hand also precipitates one into a surrealistic lunar landscape — and yet it is as much of a reality as the more familiar entity of the hand as a whole. Miss Bowen's reality, like Proust's, is the pitiless one that springs from dissection. She too has a passion for the *mot juste*, for subterranean currents and minute ramification — and the composite is a complete, plausible and terrifying picture of decay.

A sixteen-year-old girl, Portia, comes to live in London with her half-brother Thomas and his wife Anna. The child longs for love and is rebuffed by her brother who is too indolent and cold to feel any true emotion, and by Anna, whose inwardly corrupt personality shrinks before the impact of the child's clear, pitiless gaze. Portia then turns all the force of her affections upon Eddie, a beautiful neurotic youth, who also betrays her. The betrayal in Miss Bowen's terms is nothing tangible or grossly apparent; it lies in the failure to respond, in furtive mockeries and lies, whose effect is trebled when one realizes that their object is a child with an ardent heart and uncorrupted mind, who is besides unusually sensitive and vulnerable.

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Hers is the heart that dies in the atmosphere of civilized decay and coldness that surround her. The climax comes with the ultimate betrayal: Anna, whose almost undisguised hostility has done much to drive Portia into Eddie's arms, has found and read her diary — which is, by the way, a piece of simple, stark and touching prose that contrasts effectively with the somewhat complex style in which the rest of the book is written. Only by reading it can one understand why Anna's cold-blooded perusal of her confidences is an ultimate outrage to Portia's already bruised soul. The child flees, and that act of violence breaks through the patina-thin crust of civilized reserve and, in a powerful scene, brings to the surface all the abnormalities of the loveless house in which she lives. The book ends with the grim Matchett, a maid whom Thomas and Anna have "inherited with the furniture from their father," and who is the only one who loves and understands Portia, going out to bring her home. It's an inconclusive end, that leaves the reader up in the air, but perhaps the reason for the inconclusiveness is that the problem of decaying civilization being stated, there is no solution for it in the author's mind.

Altogether it's a sad, complex but honest book. Miss Bowen's style is of a jewel-like precision, strangely combined with an unexpected strength. Nor is she a writer of neurosis purely; her picture of Daphne, the daughter of a landlady of a summer resort, where Portia lives for a while, is a robust one, painted with delicious humor. Another such is a description of Portia's friend Lillian, a languorous maiden who spends most of her time Lorelei-like washing her hair. It is another proof of the innate honesty of Portia as a character that she does not pale and become unreal when brought into contact with these more normal and understandable characters.

LUCY CORES

WORLD COMMUNISM. *By F. Borkenau. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1939. 442 pages. $3.75.*

In this comprehensive and thorough analysis of the history of the Communist International, Dr. Borkenau remains objective, although he was formerly a member of the German Communist Party. He presents with great clarity the alternating vicissitudes and successes of the Leftist movements, tracing these from the origin of the party which lies in the ideas of Marx and the strange mixture of East and West that produced the Russian Revolution. Included in this extra-

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ordinary history are the disastrous "Soviet" dictatorship established by Bela Kun in Hungary, the Chinese Revolution of 1927, the British general strike, the coming to power of Hitler, the civil war in Spain. The rôle of the Communists in these situations has been more than adequately explained by Dr. Borkenau in terms of action and reaction, and the book provides a perspective, hitherto obscure, for our understanding of Communism. Of the forces from which Communism arose, the author says: "Out of the violent contrast between the failure of the Western labour movement to become revolutionary, and the spectacular success of revolution in Russia, sprang the Communist International. It has its roots in two different soils: on the one hand there is the Russian revolutionary movement . . . : on the other hand there is the labour movement of the West, with its queer mixture of revolutionary theory and peaceful practice. . . ." Perhaps the resultant contradictions — with which he came into direct contact — that come from this initial paradox are what lead Dr. Borkenau to conclude that the Communist Party is simply a failure.

MY LIFE AND HISTORY. *By Berta Szeps. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 324 pages. $3.00.*

From early youth on Berta Szeps-Zuckerkandl lived at the very center of action. And from her childhood on she learned to write down the impressions made upon her mind by the happenings and people around her. She grew up in an atmosphere of politics, literature and art. Her father was the founder of the liberal *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, and a great editor. He was a close friend and adviser to the Crown Prince Rudolf. A great part of this book deals with the Crown Prince and the author leaves the reader with the strengthened impression that the Crown Prince was a highly intelligent, idealistic and sincere person. Mayerling was quite obviously more than a romantic drama. It was a disaster for Austria.

Through her marriage to Emil Zuckerkandl, the author was introduced into the world of the great medical scientists of Vienna at the beginning of this century: Bilroth, Wagner-Jauregg, Kraft-Ebbing, Steinach and Freud, then still very young. Berta Szeps knew every person of distinction from Mahler to Hofmannsthal. The mere list of names on the wrapper of her book makes impressive reading: there is Strauss, Rodin, Clemenceau, Max Reinhardt, Painleve, Dollfuss, and her childhood memories go back even to Disraeli. That

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was in 1878 at the Berlin Congress and she describes it as follows: "There was a man with him, and I was afraid that we might have interrupted them in some private discussion. This man was sitting in an armchair by the table, and he really was extraordinary looking. His appearance reminded me of the pictures of sorcerers that I had imagined for myself when I was little. He stood up and bowed to Mother, and my father introduced him. Later Mother told us that he was an Englishman, called Disraeli, and was a very famous and important person." She has never lived apart from politics. Her father had always dreamed of a union of Austria and the Western powers, and Berta Szeps worked for that goal also, both before and after the war. March 1938 meant to her the death and downfall of her country, the end of many friendships and the complete collapse of everything she stood for.

The record of what she has observed and known is the most interesting, sincere and genuine book of this kind which has appeared for a long time.

THE ARAB AWAKENING. *By George Antonius. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1939. 471 pages. $3.00.*

This book is a comprehensive and carefully annotated study of the present Arab problem, with emphasis on the many complex causes leading up to the Arab national movement. Mr. Antonius gives a fairly comprehensive outline of the origins of the century-long movement, its development and the main problems it has had to face. The solution he offers for the present Palestine problem is realistic. The writer says: "Once the fact is faced that the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine cannot be accomplished without forcibly displacing the Arabs, the way to a solution becomes clearer. There seems to be no valid reason why Palestine should not be constituted into an independent Arab state in which as many Jews as the country can hold without prejudice to its political and economic freedom would live in peace, security and dignity, and enjoy full rights of citizenship. . . . The treatment meted out to Jews in Germany and other European countries is a disgrace to modern civilization; but posterity will not exonerate any country that fails to bear its proper share of the sacrifices needed to alleviate Jewish suffering and distress. To place the brunt of the burden upon Arab Palestine is a miserable evasion. . . . No code of morals can justify the persecution of one people in an attempt to relieve the suffering of another."

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## Biography and Autobiography

*Continued from page* vii

VOLTAIRE. *By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1939. 643 pages. $3.50.*

This biography of the French satirist and philosopher does not contain any information that cannot be found in previous studies, but the English poet who has composed it writes so clearly and effectively and with such understanding and intense admiration for his subject's ideals that his book deserves a wide public. The volume must carry a considerable conviction, for on May 25, 1938, the Supreme Congregation of the Holy See in Rome ordered its suppression among the faithful. Holy Mother Church apparently still feels the impact of Voltaire's teachings more than 150 years after his death.

UNFORGOTTEN YEARS. *By Logan Pearsall Smith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. 295 pages. $2.50.*

Seventy-four years old, still a bachelor and still proud that he "belonged by family traditions to the philanthropic world," with a dozen books of poetry and prose behind him, Mr. Smith has here put on record for posterity his stray thoughts and reminiscences that he has somehow left out of his former writings. Alas, it must be reported that he has nothing to say. He saw Walt Whitman and even talked to him, but in a whole chapter on the incident he manages to contribute absolutely nothing to the knowledge of the poet or the times. The same with his sections dealing with his meetings with Henry James, Edmund Goose, and Edith Wharton. Mr. Smith complains about the very bad prose now being written in this country. Unfortunately, his own prose is such that a good city editor could teach him a few things. On page 83 appears a twelve-line sentence that would embarrass a college senior.

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART; *The Journals and Letters of Reginald, Viscount Esher. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. In two volumes. $7.50.*

Viscount Esher (1852–1930) was for fifty years a friend of the British Royal Family, and while he refused any public offices — even the War Secretaryship and the Viceroyship of India — he apparently

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enjoyed the confidence of most of the powerful figures of his time. During the war he served as a trusted liaison officer between the British and the French. This two-volume collection of his journals and letters covers the twenty years between 1910 and 1930. Though it contains some interesting personal sidelights on European as well as American statesmen, it really contributes very little to the understanding of the times. Where it should be clarifying, it is charming; and where it should be incisive, it is mellow. A typical entry, from the journal for March 26, 1914: "Jolly comfy journey. Train most luxurious. . . . Paris not what it was. Cut out by London. . . . Funny hats and plain women." Another from the journal for July 26, 1915: "The King would not allow the tea to be made in the kitchen. . . . The King took me for a long walk and talk after tea," but nothing is reported as to what was said.

## The World at Large

SURVEY AFTER MUNICH. *By Graham Hutton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. 253 pages. $2.50.*

Mr. Hutton, using the Munich Pact as a starting point, discusses the possible (and highly probable) effects on Europe as a whole as the result of Germany's economic and political expansion. In particular, he lays stress on what he terms "The New Danubia." Whether Germany and Italy will in the end dominate all Europe, according to Mr. Hutton, will "not be due to their own merits. It will be because of their opponents' shortcomings."

CIVILIZATION: *The Next Step. By C. Delisle Burns. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1939. 291 pages. $2.75.*

Dr. Burns belongs to the class of writers who have elaborate reasons for obvious facts and values, and expound them with immense verbiage. In the present volume he gives it as his considered opinions that "intelligence and depth of emotion in living men and women can be increased and their normal intercourse raised to a higher level," that future generations "will assert in action the equality of all races and peoples and work only for coöperation between all," that "real peace must be a gradual and experimental improvement in the art of government," and so on. In other words, Dr. Burns has nothing to say.

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NEW YORK: AN AMERICAN CITY. *By Sidney L. Pomerantz. New York: Columbia University Press. 1938. 531 pages. $5.00.*

Almost immediately after the successful completion of the Revolution, New York City began to assume leadership among the municipalities of the new nation. Politically, economically, musically, and even journalistically it at once set the pace, and in short order the other cities and towns began to look to it for guidance. Dr. Pomerantz here discusses this early leadership with the utmost thoroughness, and his volume constitutes a real contribution to the study of American urban life. A good appendix and bibliography add to the value of the book.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND. *By Harold J. Laski. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. 383 pages. $3.50.*

In the long list of Professor Laski's writings on political affairs this volume will, in the end, probably occupy a minor place. It exhibits his usual profound knowledge of governmental affairs, especially in Great Britain, and also his flair for telling — if not always wholly accurate — phrases. In short, it forms an excellent introduction to contemporary political science, but it is not very carefully thought out, and tends to be too vague when charting the future. Professor Laski says: "Parliamentary government, to retain its hold, must give the promise of great results. If it fails to do so, the electorate will look elsewhere for them. Nothing is more dangerous in a democratic state than a condition in which the people are persuaded that the fundamental instruments of its government are not equal to the tasks imposed upon them. A habit of lethargy is thereby induced which easily persuades a people to lend a ready ear to the siren voices of dictatorship." A very noble sentiment, but somewhat pompously stated and really not very illuminating.

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